THE HEALING OF PIERPONT WHITNEY

BY

WILLIAM W. WALTER

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WILLIAM W. WALTER

AUTHOR OF "THE PASTOR'S SON," "THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC.

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BY

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PREFACE

History shows that for a period covering approximately three hundred and twenty-five years immediately following the crucifixion, the disciples of Christ did much healing of the sick. Many of these early healers were learned men and they left behind them considerable literature pertaining to the Christ-method of healing. These writings were in the form of manuscripts, and many of them, and much other early Christian literature, have been translated and published in a set of books entitled "The Ante-Nicene Christian Library." Several of our best Christian Science writers mention this set of books as being well worth reading.

The author found in these books much that was enlightening and also much that was comparatively uninteresting and worthless. He has woven into story form some of the most helpful and important teachings in these ancient writings, feeling sure that in so doing he will be conferring a benefit on many readers.

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The Healing of Pierpont Whitney

CHAPTER I

DR. DAVENPORT'S ADVICE

"K. Pierpont Whitney"—such was the name upon a card handed by his servant to Chas. A. Davenport, M.D., Ph.D. The doctor glanced at the name, slowly laid aside the book he had in his hand and said: "Show the gentleman into my private office."

Pier Whitney,—for by this name he was known to all of his friends,—was a young man twenty-two years of age, tall, very slender, and evidently in ill health. He had recently graduated with high honors from Yale, and was the only son and heir to the Whitney millions.

Dr. Charles A. Davenport, specialist, with a reputation that had encircled the globe, knew Pierpont's parents very well but had never met the young heir.

As the servant entered the door of the private office, he stepped to one side and announced the name of the visitor. The doctor arose and extended his hand to the young man and with a nod of his head dismissed the servant.

"Be seated in that armchair, Mr. Whitney. You will find it very comfortable."

With a very low spoken "Thank you," the pale young man dropped into the chair, hopelessness, dejection, lack of energy and ambition showing in every line and angle of his face and body.

Dr. Davenport, with his practiced eye, was taking in every movement. At length he said: "Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Whitney?"

"I am afraid that you cannot do anything for me, doctor," answered the young man.

The doctor shook his head and said: "What if I can't? There is no use of your going to your own funeral while still alive. Why, you seem not to be as brave as the poorest emigrant. I thought there was blue blood in the Whitney veins."

"And so there is, doctor," said Pier.

"Then show it by your actions. The veriest coward could not evidence more fear and despondency than is written on your face. A brave man never gives up, but fights harder in adversity than in success. Why did you come to see me if you thought I could not help you?"

"Because it was the earnest wish of my parents. It was not to please myself," answered the young man with some show of color in his face.

"Then, personally, you do not care much whether you are restored to health or not. This shows the stain of cowardice."

Pierpont Whitney, with eyes flashing, was on his feet in an instant and said slowly and with much force: "Dr. Davenport, I did not come here to be insulted, and a year ago if you had insinuated that I was a coward, you would have had to apologize or take a sound trouncing at my hands, but now all I am able to do is to speak the contempt I feel for a man who will take advantage of another's infirmity

and insult him, when he knows that the person insulted cannot retaliate. I bid you good day;" and picking up his hat he started for the door.

Dr. Davenport, with a broad smile on his face and a merry twinkle in his eye, stepped to the door which was near him, turned the key in the lock and placed the key in his pocket.

Pierpont Whitney stood still for a moment, then with heightened voice demanded: "What means this outrage?"

The doctor pointed to the chair Mr. Whitney had occupied and said very calmly but sternly: "Sit down."

The young man obeyed reluctantly.

Dr. Davenport was silent for a moment, then said: "A few moments ago I was of the opinion that there was not much chance of saving you from an early grave; in fact, I thought you were not worth saving, but I have changed my mind."

Pierpont Whitney merely raised his eyebrows a little and answered, "Very kind of you."

The doctor paid no attention to the remark and

suddenly asked: "Mr. Whitney, what was the young lady's name?"

The young man looked at the doctor in great astonishment and said: "To what young lady do you refer?"

"I am referring to the one who refused your proposal of marriage."

"Dr. Davenport, I am not aware that I ever told you or any one else that I ever made a proposal of marriage to any lady. Besides, I did not come here to discuss private matters, but to consult you regarding my illness. I am very sorry that I came, and I ask you as a gentleman to unlock that door and allow me to depart without any further comments."

"Listen to me, young man! Your father and I were schoolmates. His parents were very wealthy, and mine were poor. We graduated from the local high school at the same time, he with the certainty that he would be allowed to pursue his studies in whatever college he chose, and he chose Yale, and, as you know, he is a graduate of that institution. My future seemed also certain and it was that I go

to work at once either as a clerk in some of the mercantile establishments, or if fortunate, get a position as bookkeeper, but your father persuaded his father to advance me the necessary funds to finish my education, and even allowed me to select the profession I wished to prepare for. I chose medicine, although for quite a while I was desirous of entering the ministry. You are an only son, and the sole earthly ambition of your father is to see you well and strong so that you can carry the honored name of Whitney on to greater heights, and if your health cannot be restored it will wreck your father's life. Your father has been to see me and told me all he knew of the case, and among other things said that up to about a year ago you were always strong and happy and that quite suddenly your happiness and health seemed to fail and that you had been under the care of your family physician most of the time since. Is this correct?"

"Yes; I have been ailing more or less for the past year, and at present life seems to hold no attraction for me," answered the young man.

"When you first came into my office, my thought was that there was not much hope of bringing you back to health because of your dejection and despondency, but since you showed fight when I intimated that you were cowardly, I have changed my mind. Young man, I am going to be frank and open with you, as I see no other way of restoring you to health, and I assure you I would gladly devote the remainder of my life to that work, if necessary, to repay your father for the many kindnesses he has shown me. In fact, I owe practically all that I am and have to him; for without his financial help I would no doubt still be a clerk or perhaps a manager of a department in some of our mercantile establishments."

Pierpont Whitney was beginning to show some interest and managed to say: "No doubt you are underestimating your own abilities when you say that."

"No, I think not. You see, I had set my heart on being either a physician or a minister and would not have had the ambition or desire to rise if placed in

any other position. However, I have proven to my entire satisfaction that even the study of medicine is a dismal disappointment."

"Why, doctor, how can you say that in the face of the almost world-wide reputation that you have gained in its practice?"

"That is just the point. If I had kept solely to the study of the healing virtues of material remedies my reputation would not have reached far beyond my own doorstep; but by constant and detailed experimentation I became aware of the fact that there was little, if any, healing virtue in any drug known to the medical fraternity."

"Doctor, you astonish me!"

"I told you that I would be frank and open with you, as I wish to restore you to health. Let me give you an illustration regarding the action of most drugs. Suppose that I am called on three similar cases of fever and I prescribe the same drug in each case. In a short time one of them is healed, another one is dead, while a third shows not the least change for better or worse, even though the

medicine was given as directed in each case. This illustration can be enlarged to thirty cases instead of three with the same result. Suppose that you are a physician, and a very dear friend has an attack of pneumonia and you are called on the case. In your years of practice you have had many cases of a like nature, and the drug that had failed in one case was the only drug of several that you have tried, that seemingly did the healing in another case, and *vice versa.* Before you is your friend whom you love, and you have no sure remedy; for in your years of practice all the drugs prescribed for this kind of illness have often failed. Such was my position about fifteen years ago as I sat constantly by the bedside of my wife. I tried them all and saw them all fail."

The last word was more like a sob and the eyes of the doctor filled with tears, but hastily wiping them away he regained his composure with an effort and continued: "Then and there I determined to find out, if possible, if there really were any healing properties in medicine, and, for years, I would one day

fully believe there were and the next day be as fully persuaded that there were not; but gradually, through much careful experimenting and observation, a conviction grew upon me daily that drugs, as a whole, have no healing power, and I am now of the same opinion as the celebrated Dr. Mason Good, who said, in substance, that if every drug was in the sea it would be so much the better for mankind and so much the worse for the fish."

Pierpont Whitney had been leaning slightly forward listening intently, and when the doctor stopped talking he was perfectly still for a few moments as if mentally digesting what he had heard. Slowly leaning back in his chair he said: "Then my doom is sealed!"

At once a smile appeared on the doctor's face as he answered: "Not at all, but on the contrary you now have much more chance of being restored to health than you would have had if you had come to me in former years; that is, before I was fully aware that drugs do not heal, for now you will be spared my experimenting on you with drugs."

"Then, no doubt, you will recommend osteopathy, electricity, diet, or baths, but I have already tried all of these," said Pierpont.

"No, I am not going to recommend any of them, nor hypnotism, nor spiritualism; and when I tell you what I think has the ability to heal, you will see why all these various things, as well as drugs, at one time *seem* to heal and at another fail to heal."

"Why do you say, '*Seem* to heal'?"

"Because drugs do not really do the healing, though to the unobservant person they seem to."

"My class-mate and neighbor, who had suffered with a strained back for several years, at last tried osteopathy and it healed him," said Pierpont.

"You said that you tried osteopathy; why did it not heal you, if it has healing power?"

"I don't know; nothing seems to help me."

"I told you that I would tell you what I consider to be the only healer. It is—good and correct thought."

"Thought! Surely you do not mean my thought?" exclaimed Pier.

"Yes, I mean each individual's own right thought," answered the doctor.

"How can that be?" asked the listener.

"Let me open up this subject to you a little and see if I am right. To illustrate, we will again take the three cases of fever to which we had administered the same medicine. If the healing power was in the medicine, all should have gotten well, but they did not. The one who got well no doubt had the thought that I knew my business and that what I would prescribe would cure him. This thought, and not the medicine, produced the good results. My visit and prescription did not make any mental impression on the second person; so his thought was not changed and his case remained the same. The third person, no doubt, through fear or some other cause, had a conviction that he was going to die, and that neither I nor the medicine that I would prescribe would save him, and so my visit did not change his thought, and this

thought of dying bore its own fruit—death. The drug in each instance had no more beneficial effect than the mind of the patient gave it, and yet at times I have thought that the drug I prescribed did have an effect in direct opposition to the thought of the patient. Also, at times I have been inclined to think that the effect was caused by my own thought, or perhaps by the thought of those surrounding the patient. I am positive that thought is the power, but there is something in all this that I do not yet fully understand."

"Dr. Davenport, your talk has surprised me beyond measure, and while you were talking, the thought regarding the effect of chloroform on a person inhaling it came to my mind. Surely the action of this drug when administered to a sleeping person could not be laid to that person's thought, for he could know nothing of it."

"The effect of chloroform is one of several things that has kept me from openly acknowledging that drugs do not heal. As I said before, there is something here that I do not yet understand, but

I have proven, to my own satisfaction, at least, that in seven cases out of ten drugs hinder rather than aid the recovery of a patient, and that in nearly every case, when recovery has taken place, it was brought about more through the change of thought of the patient than through any other one thing."

"Then you would advise no medicine in my case?" asked Pierpont.

"I would advise neither medicine, electricity, osteopathy, or any other of the many commonly accepted methods of treatment," answered the doctor.

"But what am I to do?" asked Pierpont.

"Change your thought!"

"That is an easy thing to advise, but how am I to accomplish it, how am I to go about it?" questioned Pierpont.

"Young man, before we go any further, I want you to be frank with me, as I have been with you, and then I shall be in a position where I can advise more intelligently. I tried to surprise you into a confession of your troubles by asking you un-

expectedly the name of the lady who had rejected you; but the name is of no moment. What I wish to know is, what occurred to change you from a happy, healthy young man to a sickly, dejected one?"

"The sickness, no doubt," answered Pierpont.

"Not so. Sickness, I have discovered, is not a cause, but is an effect, and the signs in your case indicate that there must have been an occurrence quite out of the ordinary to bring about such a decided change in your thought."

"Why, doctor, I hope you don't think there is anything the matter with my mind, for I assure you that I am perfectly sane. It is my body that seems to be all out of tune."

"That is the same view I should have taken several years ago, but I am fast coming to the conclusion that, in most cases, if not in all, there must first be a sick mentality before there can be a sick body. Just how far this view will prove true, remains to be shown. I have quite a lot of evidence already, and am constantly seeking more, both as

to discordant thought producing sickness, and as to healing being brought about through right thought rather than through drugs.

"You perhaps know that I am a graduate of both the allopathic and homeopathic schools. I followed the allopathic method for years, but finding no sure remedy, I entered and graduated from a homeopathic college, but fared no better in my search for a positive method of healing through the administering of drugs.

"The homeopathic slogan, 'The less medicine the better,' seemed to me to be the one great advancement in this newer school of medicine. This brought into more general use the placebo (unmedicated pellet) in homeopathic practice, and just recently the allopath, the former advocate of much medicine, is taking a step in advance of the homeopath, and instead of saying 'The less medicine the better,' the allopathic schools are making a still greater use of the placebo, and by their actions are saying, 'No medicine at all is the best.'"

"The other day, one of the agents of a large drug

firm called on me, and told me that his firm had worked out an elaborate color scheme for the placebo. If I remember rightly, he had samples of seven different colors of the placebo with him, each color in a measure telling what manner of ailment it was to be prescribed for."

"But, doctor, such methods would almost be the same as defrauding the people," said Pierpont.

"No, I would hardly like to call it fraud. The masses themselves demand drug remedies, and the physicians, having through patient research found that drugs have no inherent healing properties, have rightly eliminated the harmful drug and replaced it with the harmless placebo; they having nothing better to offer to those who demand drugs, and who would feel absolutely hopeless without some material remedy. If people would look up Webster's definition of the word 'placebo,' they would know what they are taking. The definition is: 'A prescription more to please than benefit the patient.'"

"Still, I have seen lasting benefits come to some patients from the administering of bread-pills, and,

knowing as I do that there was not one particle of so-called curative properties in these bread-pills, I have set myself to discover the real source of the benefit derived, and have come to the fixed conclusion that it is derived from the thought or mentality. I have also frequently asked myself the question, Is there a law or actual science connected with the mental or spiritual side of life that perhaps supersedes the so-called material laws of life?

"When I read in the Scriptures the following statements, the suggestion comes that there must be a superseding and transforming mental or spiritual law: 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he'; 'Be ye therefore transformed by the renewing of your mind'; 'For out of the heart proceed *evil thoughts,* murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: these are the things which defile a man.' In this last statement Jesus clearly says that it is the evil thoughts proceeding out of the heart (consciousness) that defile a man, showing the mental origin of all defilement," said Doctor Davenport.

"I cannot see how Jesus' statement has any bearing on my case, as I am certain that I do not commit the sins that he has pointed out," said Pierpont.

"Perhaps not all of them, but some of them. You indulge in sick thoughts, and I am of the opinion that sick thoughts are in some way responsible for sickness, and are evil, and therefore my advice to you is to change your thought," said the doctor.

"Rather inspiring advice, it seems to me, for I have tried nearly all remedies and methods that I have heard of, but none of them seemed to change my state of illness or state of thought. Therefore, Doctor Davenport, if you wish to help me, and think a change of thought will do it, please show me *how* to change my thought," said Pierpont, in despair.

"As I said before, I feel certain that there is a mental or spiritual law or science back of all the benefits I have seen produced by a change of thought, from a sick to a healthy basis, from a lower to a higher basis, and I think that Jesus came to teach this spiritual law or science and that the healing

accredited to the Apostles, to Paul, and the early Christian fathers was a direct result of understanding this spiritual law or science. That it has to do with a change of thought or change of mental action, I feel positive, but how to scientifically attain a change of thought I know not, other than to try the many things already prescribed, such as a trip abroad, a change of climate. etc.

"Now, Mr. Whitney, if you would like me to be of assistance to you, you ought first to tell me what the nature of the thought was that caused the condition. Please answer me frankly. Was I right in my suspicion that you were disappointed in love?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," answered Pierpont.

"Is there no chance of a change of sentiment on the part of the lady?"

"None that I can see."

"Then the thing for you to do is to go abroad, for sight-seeing; or, better still, go with some settled purpose in view, and set your entire energies and

mind to its accomplishment. You have the means to gratify any ambition," said Dr. Davenport.

"The trouble is that I have no ambition. Life seems to have lost its charm for me, for I have had nothing but pain and illness for the past year."

"Oh, you will think and feel different when once you get into new scenes and have some definite object in view!"

"Doctor, I don't believe that I am able to take a trip of this kind, let alone planning and making the necessary preparations for it. Besides, I have no one in mind who would care to make such a trip, and I would not even think of making it alone."

Dr. Davenport leaned his head upon his hand and seemed to be thinking about something. After a few moments, he looked up and remarked: "You are acquainted with my son Frederick, are you not?"

"Yes, certainly; everybody in Yale knew Fred Davenport, because of his uniform good nature and helpfulness. No one ever went to Fred for help

without getting it, if he could in any way manage it."

"Frederick has for some time been importuning me to give my consent to his taking a trip abroad. I am sure that such a trip as he contemplates would be interesting and instructive to both you and him, so why not take the trip together?"

"Yes, I have heard him say that he would like to take an extended European tour."

"He seems to think that there is nothing like a trip abroad to broaden the mind, and perhaps he is right. At least, I know of several young men that were the better for going."

"I have no doubt that Fred would be a very congenial traveling companion, but really I do not think that I shall be able to get ready or to stand such a trip."

"Young man, your father sent you to me as a last resort, and I wish you to consider the matter settled. I have decided to give Frederick permission to go, providing he gets everything in readiness for both, and that you start at the earliest possible

moment. I will also give my son full instructions to see that your thought is so fully occupied with other things that you will not have time to think of yourself, and also to see that you have plenty of air and exercise, and I hope that by carefully following my instructions you will return a well man."

CHAPTER II

CONSTANTINOPLE

Three months from the opening of our story, two young men walked down the gangplank from a large ocean-going steamer. One of them was the perfect picture of the trained athlete, strong of limb and broad of shoulders, bright of eye, and calm of countenance, with a firm mouth, around which habitually played the shadow of a smile. His every movement betokened health, energy, and self-control. The other young man was the direct opposite,—slim, weak, and sickly,—hopelessness, dejection, and melancholia having plainly left their mark on his face and form. Both wound their way along the pier to the street, and as they turned into the street they were accosted by a man dressed in a dirty sailor suit. The latter was holding out something in his hand and in broken English saying:

"You buy this. You buy this."

The larger of the two young men hardly glanced at the man as he answered, "No."

The sailor followed them, and said: "You buy papyrus."

At these words the larger of the young men stopped and looked at the fellow, and saw in the latter's hand a roll of something that looked very old. At once came the question, "Where did you get it?"

"Me find in Egypt," was the reply.

The young man took the roll into his hand, and after looking at it a moment, said: "How much?" The sailor named a price, and the other man said, half in joke and half in earnest, "I will give you half that." "You take," was the prompt reply.

Such eagerness to accept the offer aroused suspicion in the prospective customer, and he remarked to his companion: "I said I would take it, and so I will, but I think I am buncoed, even at that price." Handing the sailor the money—a mere trifle—and sticking the roll into his pocket, he said to his friend: "Come, let's look up a good hotel."

Having been directed to the best hotel, both were

soon before the desk, and the athlete was asking of the man in charge: "Can you accommodate my friend and myself with board and lodging?" The clerk replied in the affirmative, and pushed the register toward him. The new arrival took the proferred pen and wrote, in a firm, bold hand: "Frederick G. Davenport, New York City." Below his own name he also wrote: "K. Pierpont Whitney, Brooklyn, N. Y.," and, turning to his companion, said: "I signed for you, Pier."

"Thank you," answered Pier, with a relieved look.

After completing all arrangements, the young men were then shown to their room. As soon as they had reached the room, Frederick threw the windows wide open, remarking, "My, but it's stifling hot in here!" Next he drew a large rocking-chair to an open window. Then, turning to his companion, he remarked: "Pier, drop into this easy chair by the window. There's a nice breeze here." Pierpont sat down and, with a sigh of relief, closed his eyes.

"That's right, old man," said Frederick; "take a cat nap while I go down to look up a guide and

make arrangements for visiting places of especial interest. I'll be back in five minutes, and then we will have luncheon at once, and later we'll start out to see what there is in this city. I tell you, Pier, I am so anxious to see what there is to see that I am tempted to forego luncheon entirely."

Mr. Whitney by this time had his eyes wide open, and there was an angry gleam in them as he answered: "You may go before or after luncheon, whichever you prefer, but I will not move another step to-day!"

"Now, look here, Pier," said Frederick, as a smile appeared on his fine face, "didn't father, as your physician, tell me to keep you so busy that you would have no time to think about yourself?"

"Yes, and I can in all honesty assure my physician that you have followed his instructions to the letter," answered Pierpont.

"And didn't your physician tell me to see that you should have plenty of exercise, fresh air, and constant diversion?"

"Yes, and I am ready to take oath that you have

done your full duty every moment since we left New York. In all seriousness, Fred, I tell you candidly that I prefer the disease to the cure."

"Ha, ha, ha! You know, Pier, that most medicine is nasty stuff to take, but after the cure is effected we forget the vile taste of the drug that cured us."

"Not if I live to be one hundred years old will I forget that stormy night that you forcibly carried me to the upper deck and tied me to the mast."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Fred, "you brought it upon yourself. The doctor said you were to have diversion and fresh air, and I had been trying for two days to get you to leave your state-room, and you would not do it. I did not like to disobey the instructions of your physician entirely, and so the thought struck me that if you were on the upper deck in that storm you would get plenty of fresh air, and the lightning and thunder and wind would furnish the diversion, and your straining to get loose from the mast would give you plenty of exercise."

"Yes, I remember; you've explained all of that

to me several times, but if I had had a gun, your explanation would not have saved your life."

"But you admitted the next day that you felt better, and that your seasickness had entirely left you. And that reminds me that I am not doing my duty by you. So I will hurry and make all arrangements for our sight-seeing trip this afternoon. Therefore, *au revoir* for a few minutes."

"Oh, bosh!" said Pierpont, with a disgusted look. "Put it off until to-morrow."

"Sorry, Pier; but you know the instruction your physician gave me. So be ready for luncheon when I return."

As soon as Frederick was gone, Pierpont closed his eyes and murmured: "I will not go to-day!"

A short time later, when Frederick quietly opened the door, he found Pierpont asleep in the rocker, and thought: "It's just as well that we are not going to-day, for he must be tired. Besides, the guide advised us to start in the morning. So Pier can rest this afternoon, and by retiring early, he will be rested by morning, and will perhaps enjoy the trip."

CHAPTER III

ACTUALITY

Next morning, bright and early, Pierpont and Frederick, with their guide, were out, seeing the sights. As they were starting, Frederick said to the guide: "I want you to take your time in showing us about, and if there are any places that are not much frequented by visitors, but are worth seeing, I want you to call my attention to them, as I wish to take special note of them."

From place to place they went, Frederick ever on the alert to see all that was worth seeing, while Pierpont was the very opposite, seeing nothing that he considered worth looking at, and only wishing that he were back in the hotel, sitting in his rocker. At length he said: "Fred, I cannot go any farther. I am so tired I can scarcely hold my body erect." Frederick responded by giving the guide instructions to conduct them back to the hotel by the most direct route.

As soon as they were in their room again, Pierpont said: "Fred, if you don't care, I will lie down and rest a while before dinner."

"All right, Pier; you did very well to-day, and deserve a rest."

As Frederick was dusting off his coat, he accidentally saw the end of the papyrus sticking out of his pocket, and said: "Well, I declare, I forgot all about that." He began carefully to undo it, and after removing several wrappings, he exclaimed: "An ancient manuscript, I'll bet a cookie."

After further examination, he found it to be a roll of papyrus upon which something was written in a language unfamiliar to him, though he thought it was Greek. The papyrus was in excellent condition excepting the last page, which was badly worn or blurred by much handling, showing that the document had been read and reread many times.

As Frederick took up the wrappings to place them about the manuscript again, a small sheet of parchment dropped from them upon the table. "Hello! What's this?" he exclaimed, as he picked it up.

"Well, that is more like it. This sheet is written in Latin, and I can read it. Let me see what it says: 'ACTUALITY. *Presented to Julien Antoine, with compliments of the Author.*' Actuality! Quite a title! I wonder if the contents will justify the title and tell me some actual truth. I must find some one who can read and translate this manuscript into English or some other language that I am familiar with. It may be an ancient manuscript of value, and I may not have been buncoed, after all. Now for a good dinner!"

As soon as dinner was over, Frederick asked the hotel clerk if he knew of any one in Constantinople who was able and competent to translate a book written in Greek into the English language. Fortunately, the clerk knew of such a person, and he directed Frederick to a certain Prof. H. W. Bretento.

About two hours later, Frederick and Pierpont were ushered into the library of Professor Bretento, and were, at the first glance, favorably impressed with the man who held in his hand their two cards.

He looked from his callers to their cards, and read aloud: "Frederick G. Davenport," at the same time raising his eyes with a questioning look. Frederick bowed and said: "That is my name." The professor then glanced at Pierpont and said: "And your name is Pierpont Whitney?" Pier answered with a low "Yes, sir."

The professor waved his hand toward some chairs and said: "Please be seated, gentlemen." Then, seating himself at the desk from which he had risen, he asked: "What can I do for you?"

Frederick, in his usual brisk, businesslike manner, came to the point at once by saying: "We have a book, which I think is written in Greek, that we wish translated into English, and we were told that you do such work. Were we correctly informed?"

"Yes, I have made many translations."

"Professor Bretento, I judge from your appearance, and from what has been told us, that you are a man of honor and principle, and therefore I shall at once, without further inquiry, state plainly to you the matter in hand. We have in our possession an

ancient manuscript which we think may be valuable, although this is a mere guess, as we are not able to read it. If it is valuable, we may wish later to publish it. How it came into our possession, matters not. We wish to have this manuscript translated into English and are willing to pay you well for doing so, but we must first have your word of honor that you will neither divulge its contents nor retain a copy. If you feel that you can agree to these terms, I will show you the manuscript, and then you can name your price for doing the work."

Professor Bretento looked thoughtfully at his visitors for a few moments, and then answered: "This seems like a rather mysterious affair. Yet I see no reason why I cannot comply with your request for secrecy, as this translation need not concern any one but ourselves."

"Then you agree to our terms?"

"Before I agree, I should like to know how voluminous the work is," replied the professor.

"Oh, not very large. I should judge it would

make a book of about one hundred ordinary-sized pages."

"Then I accept your terms; and as for the price, that can be determined after I have looked the manuscript over."

Frederick took the roll from his pocket and handed it to the professor, who immediately began to unwrap it. As soon as he had done so, and glanced at the title, he turned pale. Then, slowly raising his eyes to his visitors, he said: "If this manuscript really is what its title indicates it to be, it is priceless. The title in English would be, 'Actuality.'"

"Yes, we know that; for the wrappings contained a little slip of parchment on which the title was written in Latin, and I could read that," said Frederick.

"Have you ever heard of this book before?" asked the professor.

"No, sir. We are quite positive that we have never heard of a book with such a title. Had you?"

"Yes. In translating other ancient works I have seen this book mentioned, and have also seen it stated

that there was only the one book, the author allowing all to read it who cared to, but permitting no copy to be made, and that it contained the actual truth of life. From all appearances, this is the book."

Both Frederick and Pierpont were a little excited at what the professor had said, and seemed eager to have him begin the translation at once. At length Fred said: "You have not given us your price, nor have you told us when you can do the work."

"If this is the book that I think it is, I would gladly pay for the privilege of translating it, and, although I have other work at hand, I shall lay it aside and commence at once."

"I am certainly pleased to hear that, but we do not wish you to do it without full compensation, for we are well able to pay."

"Very well. We shall arrange that later."

"That will be satisfactory," said Frederick. "When will the work be finished?"

"I could not promise that; but you may call to-morrow at 10 o'clock, and I may then be able to state a time. And now I also wish to ask you to

keep secret the fact that this manuscript is in my hands, or else I might need to invoke police protection in order to keep it from being stolen. I tell you, gentlemen, you cannot realize the value of this book, and what it is. If it is what I have in mind, this book will mean much to Mr. Whitney."

"Why more to me than to Mr. Davenport?" asked Pierpont.

"He is already in good health, while you are not."

"I do not understand."

"If this book is what I think it is, its reading and study will heal all manner of disease without any other means or aid. However, let the matter rest until I have investigated." Then, with a cordial handshake, he dismissed them.

CHAPTER IV

ANCIENT WRITINGS

Promptly the next day at the appointed time Frederick and Pierpont were at the home of Professor Bretento, and the latter greeted them with a cordial "Good-morning, gentlemen. I see you are prompt."

"Yes, very; and if I had followed my own desire, I should have been here several hours before," said Frederick.

"I can vouch that he is speaking truly. I never saw Mr. Davenport so anxious and excited before," said Pierpont.

"And were you not also anxious?" asked the professor.

"No, sir; the book means very little to me, as I am not much interested in old-time things," answered Pierpont.

"On the contrary, this book means much more to you than to Mr. Davenport, and, although you are

seemingly not much interested in ancient things, yet the writer of this manuscript was greatly interested in you."

"In me? Pardon me, but I am very doubtful," said Pierpont.

"Then listen, while I read you what is on this first page:

"'*To those who have tried many methods to regain health and who have suffered much from many physicians, as I did at one time, I inscribe this work, knowing that a careful and painstaking study of its pages will give them the health and harmony they seek.*'"

"A very promising and interesting dedicatory, but to me rather unreasonable," said Mr. Whitney.

"In what way?" asked the professor.

"Why, the idea that the study of a book would heal any one of his ills!"

"You seem to intimate that our physicians became aware of what they know of disease and its cure without the study of books."

"Excuse me. You are right; for no doubt much

that our physicians know of disease was gained through the careful study of the writings of others," said Pierpont.

"Yes, but here seems to be a book that has never been carefully studied by the medical profession; or, if studied, no heed has been given to what was written."

"Then you have finished the translation?" excitedly asked Frederick.

The professor smiled and answered: "Not yet, Mr. Davenport; but I have read the entire manuscript several times. In fact, I found it hard work to concentrate my thought on the translation because of my desire to reread parts of the book."

"Then you haven't any of it translated? I am so sorry," said Frederick.

"Oh, yes, I have. Here is the entire preface, which is several pages in length, in fair English, but I shall need to put more time on it."

"Oh, never mind the rhetoric or grammar. All I want at present is to have it correct enough so that

I will be able to get the author's meaning. May I take what you have finished?"

"Yes. And I am sure you will find enough in it to keep you thinking seriously for the remainder of the day," said the professor.

"Is it possible!"

"I will not say more at present, but I firmly believe that the study of this book by Mr. Whitney would do much to restore his health."

"If after reading the book I come to the same conclusion, I'll take it upon myself to see that he does study it," said Frederick, with a broad grin.

"You will not need brute force to have me read the book, for I would much prefer sitting in an easy chair, reading a book, even if the book is two thousand years old, than be compelled to follow you around the town at a dog trot," said Pierpont.

The professor arose with a smile, and said: "I know that you are eager to read what I have translated, and I also am eager to continue the work. So you may take the preface with you, and you may call at the same hour to-morrow if you choose."

"Thank you, Professor; we will not detain you longer, but will come again to-morrow."

Frederick and Pierpont lost no time in repairing to their room at the hotel, and, as soon as the door was closed and locked, Frederick pulled the translation from his pocket and asked: "Shall I read it to you, Pier?"

"I shall be pleased to have you do so."

"Then move your chair up close, as I do not wish to read in too loud a voice."

As soon as Pierpont was again seated, Frederick began to read the preface of the translation, which is as follows:

"You, who read this book, take heed that you understand that which you are reading. The thoughts set forth herein I know to be in direct opposition to the thought of some of our brightest minds. Nevertheless, I have so written because I have actually proven the truth of what is contained in this writing. The reader must change his viewpoint from the material to the spiritual. Then he

will be able to understand my writings, and healing will follow.

"How came I to write this book, and what was my motive for so doing?

"I was sick for many years, with means in plenty to try every method and theory that promised relief. I tried all manner of treatment, with no benefit, and at last concluded that there was no relief for me but an early grave; but one day, as the time of dissolution drew nigh, a well-meaning friend admonished me to make my peace with my Maker. To this end, as I then supposed, he placed in my hand several letters and manuscripts, supposedly copies of the writings of the followers of the Galilean Prophet, Jesus of Nazareth, and especially of one, Saul of Tarsus, later known as Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles. This friend bade me read and study the manuscript carefully, together with the older Scriptures, if I wished eternal life.

"I began the reading, but must confess that I did so more out of curiosity than with any expectation of salvation or health. As formerly the reading of

many of the statements in the Scriptures had antagonized me, so also there were many statements in these newer writings which antagonized me, and seemed, according to my idea of common sense, devoid of all logic or reason, and incapable of proof.

"To me the greatest wonder was that any one should have the effrontery to place such writings before an intelligent public, with the expectation that they would be believed, for I reasoned with myself that if there really had been a man who performed such miracles as raising the dead to life, the person possessing such power could not have been put to death.

"I had never been a strong believer in an all-wise and good Father, for, if all-good and all-powerful, why did he not take better care of his children? Still, with all this unbelief came also the thought that the friend who handed me these writings was a very good and intelligent man—one not easily misled by a shallow theory or mystical belief; yet my thought was that the things chronicled had never taken place.

"Knowing my friend to be a man not easy to disregard, I found myself in the peculiar position of either being ridiculed by him for lack of comprehension, or, on the other hand, of being forced to the careful study of the manuscripts in order to pick out the fallacies in them, and by this method be able to refute whatever my friend might say. I decided on the latter course, and began a systematic reading of what he had given me.

"In a short time I had found much that, as it seemed to me, exposed the fallacy of their contents; but I became so absorbed in the work that the day predicted by my physician as my last on earth passed by unnoticed and two weeks more were added thereto before I realized the fact that the day set had passed. Careful thought, moreover, convinced me that I had been freer from pain the last two weeks than at any time during the preceding year. Seeking the possible cause, I came upon this statement of Paul: 'And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect,

will of God.' The next instant I thought of this saying in Proverbs: 'For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.' So absorbing had my search become, that I gave attention to little else, and had in great measure changed my habit of thought.

"Before beginning the investigation, I had dwelt on little else than my ailments, whereas in these last few weeks I had given them scarcely a thought, and had become much better physically. Having gained this little understanding of that which I afterward knew as the truth, I felt reasonably sure that Paul was right in saying that by a renewing of the mind it might be possible to renew or heal the body, and that this would also prove the statement in Proverbs, that 'as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'

"I now viewed the manuscripts in a different light, and thought that perhaps there was some truth in them. I renewed my study of them, but this time with a different purpose in view, wishing now to see if by any tangible and reasonable means (as I was no believer in the supernatural) it was possible for

Jesus to have accomplished the works credited to him.

"In accordance with this plan, I read the account of how Jesus cured Peter's wife's mother of a fever. Noting carefully the actions of Jesus, in order to discover, if possible, the method employed, I found that the narrative stated that he laid his hands on the sick woman, and I therefore concluded that he transmitted the healing power by the laying on of his hands through some means as yet unknown to me.

"Further on in this line of study, I came to where the raising of Jairus' daughter from the dead was chronicled, and noted that, in this case, he only employed one hand. This inclined me to the opinion that he could also transmit the healing power by the use of only one hand.

"Reading on, I came to the healing of the centurion's servant, said servant not being present, but, according to the story, a long distance away.

"In meditating on this last narrative of healing, I took account of the fact that Jesus did not use either

hand in the healing, for he and the sick man were miles apart, and so my theory that the healing power was transmitted through the laying on of hands was fallacious.

"I stopped at this point and asked myself the question: 'In what way could one man reach another who was not in his presence, and heal him? He did not see him, he could not talk with him, he could not feel him; but there was one thing that he could do, and that was, he could think of him.

"As this dawned upon me, like a stroke of lightning came the suggestion that, through thought, or by some mental activity not understood by the masses, Jesus had been able to heal disease.

"By much careful consideration I at last came to the conclusion that, if Jesus, through mental activity which, for want of a better term, I shall call right thought, was able to reach the consciousness of another and cast out feelings of sickness, then I, by a systematic effort of right thought, could heal myself of disease.

"You may say that this might be possible with

such diseases as have to do only with the mentality, but that disease fixed in the body could in no wise be benefited or affected through the mind. But I say to you, regardless of the physicians, that *all disease is mental,* and consequently can be cured by right mental activity. For the purpose of proving that all sickness is mental, and of pointing out a tangible and definite way of healing all manner of disease, is this book written. If it does not do this clearly, then my writing is in vain.

"To begin correctly is the first step, and to do this we must seek the Source of all being. In other words, we must try to learn who and what God is, and how He operates. In the following pages I hope to make all this plain."

As Frederick finished the reading, he glanced quickly at his friend, and noticed that Pierpont was sitting in an attitude of deep attention. Neither of them spoke for a moment. Then Frederick asked: "Well, what do you think of it?"

"The writer starts out as though he knew what he

was going to write about, and I think that the book will prove very interesting."

"Especially so if he succeeds in doing what he claims," answered Frederick.

"I am of the opinion that the book will prove that he has done so, at least in a measure," remarked Pierpont. "I already agree with some things he has written,—for instance, his having become so absorbed in his search that he forgot his ailments, and so was benefited. I had a similar experience the last two months in college. I was very poorly at that time and doubted my ability to pass the examination because of ill health. So I had partially made up my mind to give it up, when I overheard two of my lady friends talking about me.

"As you already know, for sufficient reasons, I dropped the company of Clara Arlington and began going with Bertha Stevens. Well, one day, these two girls came into the arbor at the farther end of the campus, while I was lying on the ground outside, resting in the shade, and Clara said: 'Have you noticed that Pier is falling behind in his studies?'

Bertha answered: 'Yes, poor fellow; he is feeling so badly that he ought to be at home in bed instead of grinding away at college.' 'Oh, pshaw!' said Clara; 'his not feeling well is no reason for the poor showing he is making. He lacks the necessary brains,—that is all; and I am sure he will never pass with credit.'

"This statement so piqued me that I determined to show Miss Clara that I did have the necessary brains, and I became so absorbed in the thought that I would pass at the head of our class that, for days. I forgot all about my feeling bad, until after I had accomplished what I had in mind. Then I again began to think of my trouble, and grew rapidly worse."

"There is surely truth in what you say," said Frederick, "for I remember distinctly that several spoke of your having regained your health the last few months you were at school."

"And if this man is correct in his statements, the improved condition came through a changed mental action."

"It seems very reasonable."

"Especially so, if his claim that all disease is mental, is correct."

"How I wish that we had the balance of the manuscript!"

"I think that there is enough in this first chapter to keep me thinking for the balance of the day, and if you don't mind, I should like to read it myself," said Pierpont.

"Certainly, and if I had a Bible I believe I would take the time to refresh my memory regarding some of the miraculous cures wrought by Jesus," said Frederick.

"You will find one in my trunk. Mother always asks me to take one when I go away from home."

Frederick and Pierpont spent most of the day in reading and study, and by bedtime both were in a very thoughtful mood.

CHAPTER V

THE HOW

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning, Pierpont returned to his room and again picked up the translation. He had barely got well under way with the reading, however, when Frederick opened the door and said: "Come, Pier, it is time for us to take our beauty walk."

"Oh, pshaw, Fred! let's have no more of that nonsense."

"What! Do you call the instructions of your physician nonsense?"

"Yes, I do, if his instructions are to walk his patients until they are ready to drop from exhaustion."

Frederick smiled and answered: "But you know, Pier, that I promised to see that you had plenty of air and exercise every day."

"You have kept your promise only too well, and I have had all kinds of air—good, bad, and indiffer-

ent, stiff breezes and dead calms, damp air and dry air, the perfumed air of the rose garden and the foul-scented air of the chemical works, the hot air of the hothouse and the cold air of the cold storage plant, the live or lively air of the comic opera, and even the dead air of an underground burial-place—and I want no more of it."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Fred; "I am glad that you recognize that I have done my full duty—at least, in regard to the air question."

"Yes, you have done your duty, full measure and running over."

"But how about exercise? You know we cannot neglect that, even if we have had all kinds of air."

"I am ready to swear that my exercise has not been neglected. I have trotted behind your heels like a faithful dog for the last three months, and I am willing to wager that if the distance I covered was placed in a straight line, it would reach from here to New York and back. Besides this great pedestrian feat, I have fought you daily, both phys-

ically and mentally, until there isn't an ounce of strength left."

Frederick laughed long and loud, not merely at what Pier had said, but also at the disgusted look on the latter's face and the doleful tone of his voice. At length he said: "It seems to me that you ought to be getting strong and well from such heroic treatment."

"You mean worn out and ready to die," retorted Pierpont.

In an instant Fred was serious, for he loved Pierpont with the same tender love that a stronger brother has for a weaker one, and had been doing his very best to make him forget his troubles. So now he said: "Pier, let's be sensible. Why don't you make a determined effort to rid your thought of the past, and start anew? You know that everything that I have done was for the purpose of lifting from your mind the thoughts of the past."

Pierpont gave a quick look toward Fred, but did not answer. Instead he held his head in his hands, as though in deep meditation. Frederick, noticing this

thoughtful mood of his friend, also remained silent. At length Pierpont raised his head and said: "Fred, you have been doing a thankless and useless work."

Frederick at once thought his friend in one of his despondent moods, and cast about in his mind for something cheerful to say, but the happy thought did not present itself. So he merely asked: "Why do you say that?"

"You have been trying by all this going about, to separate me from certain of my thoughts; but while reading this translation I gradually became aware of the fact that the method by which we have been trying to do this is sheer nonsense. No matter how far or how fast I walk, I cannot walk away from my mind, for it is ever with me. Neither do I believe there is any breeze or air that can blow my thoughts away, though I know that my thought needs changing. I am convinced that neither exercise nor air can do it; and so that part of your work is useless. I am willing to change my thought, and have tried to do so, but seemingly with little success, as my troubles seem ever before me. Both your father and your-

self have told me to change my thought, and I have tried to do it, but in vain. Therefore, Fred, if you wish to help me, show me *how* to change my thought and keep it changed."

This outburst took Frederick by surprise, but he recognized the logic of his friend's statements. Now that he thought of it, it did seem foolish to believe that air or exercise could change a thought which was as deep-seated as Pierpont's. Neither was there much wisdom in believing that a long voyage would separate a man from his thought—his mind; for wherever the individual went, the mind would go with him. Like a flash it came to Frederick that neither air, voyage, nor exercise could change thought, but that some surprising incident or happening might do so. All those who had seemingly been benefited by a change of scene were such as had encountered some happening which had made a lasting impression on the mind, and the change of scene or ocean voyage was merely the means that made the incident possible, whereas those who had tried a change of scene and were not benefited were such

as had encountered no experience strong enough to make a lasting impression on their individual thought.

Having arrived at this conclusion, Frederick said: "Pier, you are right. Exercise and air may bring a change of thought, but there must be a better and surer way, and from now on I shall strive to devise means to change your thought rather than to exercise the body."

"Thanks, Fred, I am sure I feel better already in knowing that I will not be compelled to chase you over the balance of the earth," said Pierpont with a smile.

"I did lead you a merry chase, Pierpont, but always with your best interests at heart, and even now I shall insist on following father's dictum as to air and exercise if you get to brooding over the past."

"I shall try hard to go with you on every occasion if I feel able, but I am sure it was doing me no good to be forced to do things against my own inclination."

"Perhaps I was unreasonable, and from now on we will use reason instead of force. So, in conformity with the new plan of action, I shall ask you kindly if you feel like going with me for more of the translation?"

"And in turn I shall go with you with as good grace as I can muster instead of my customary objections," answered Pierpont.

"Hurrah! We shall succeed," ejaculated Frederick.

The two chums got their hats and street-coats and started, but on their way through the office of the hotel Frederick chanced to glance toward the desk and stopped short, with the exclamation, "By Jove!"

Pierpont also stopped and said: "What is it, Fred?"

"Look at those three ladies at the desk!" Frederick quickly replied.

"Mrs. Estermore and daughter, of New York, if I am not mistaken."

"You are right, Pier. Do you know the other young lady with them?"

"No; I am sure that I have never seen her before."

"Come. Let us speak to them."

As the two young men approached, Mrs. Estermore happened to look up, and in a surprised tone exclaimed: "Frederick Davenport, what are you doing on this side of the Atlantic?" Then, glancing at his companion, she added: "And Pierpont Whitney!"

"The same," smilingly answered Pierpont, as he extended his hand to Mrs. Estermore and her daughter. Then he asked: "Whatever brought you to Constantinople?"

"The steamer and the train," mischievously answered Rosalind Estermore.

There was a knowing look exchanged between the other lady and Mrs. Estermore, and the latter now said: "Mr. Davenport and Mr. Whitney, I wish to introduce you to our friend and traveling

companion, Lady Constance Berryford, of London, England."

Lady Constance was tall and stately, with dark brown eyes, almost piercing in their brilliancy. Her hair was brown and beautiful in its richness, making her fine face stand out in a striking manner as she stood between her two friends, for both the latter were decided blondes, mother and daughter having golden hair and blue eyes, while there was just a tinge of gray in the mother's hair.

All spent a pleasant quarter of an hour chatting about their various trips. The ladies said that they expected to remain several weeks in Constantinople, and Mrs. Estermore asked the young gentlemen to call upon them. This invitation was gladly accepted, and the time was set for the following evening.

As the two friends continued on their way to Professor Bretento's, Pierpont said: "It seems good to meet some one from home. Doesn't it, Fred?"

"Yes, it surely reminds one of good old New York."

Frederick had hoped that the incident of meeting the ladies so unexpectedly might have awakened a new line of thought in Pierpont's mind, but if it did, he gave no outward sign of it.

Professor Bretento's face shone with enthusiasm as he met Frederick and Pierpont at the door, and he could hardly wait for them to be seated before he began to say: "Gentlemen, your manuscript is a priceless treasure. I told you on your former visit that I had read it through several times, but not until last evening did I gain a correct view of the writer's thought. It is wonderful, and I can scarcely hold myself to the work of translating, for I get so interested in the reading."

"I am very much pleased to hear you say that, Professor," said Frederick.

The professor turned to Pierpont, and asked: "And what do you say, Mr. Whitney? Are you not interested at all?"

"Oh, yes, I have become a little interested. In fact, I read the translated preface through twice; but I am not much in the habit of getting enthused

over old, mildewed books and manuscripts. However, it is right in Mr. Davenport's line, and I am interested for his sake," answered Pierpont.

The professor's face was serious as he said: "Mr. Whitney, when your friend secured the old manuscript, he also found the way to your future health and happiness. If I am not mistaken," said the professor, "you, like many other Americans, are traveling primarily to see whether travel and change of scene will restore lost health, and the sight-seeing is secondary."

"You are right, Professor," was Frederick's rejoinder.

"Well, the careful reading and study of this book that I am translating will restore health without any further travel or change of scene."

"Can this be possible?" asked Pierpont.

"It is not only possible, but absolutely certain, that you will be healed as you gain the understanding of the writer," said the professor.

Pierpont looked at the enthusiastic face of the professor, and then slowly declared: "I do not wish

to seem to be doubting your word, but I have tried almost everything, and everything has failed. Even this trip has not helped me any as yet."

"You have tried everything but the one right thing, and that one right thing is contained in this manuscript," said the professor.

"You astonish me!" was Pierpont's exclamation.

"Nevertheless, what I have said is true, and you will be more willing to agree with me when once you have read all this manuscript contains."

"How did you get along, Professor?" asked Frederick.

"I have completed the first chapter, and it is ready for you to take with you. Be wise and see that your friend reads it, or, better still, read it to him yourself two or three times."

"If it is going to benefit Pier, I promise you that he will hear it early and often," said Frederick, with a smile.

"Professor, you need not urge him on. He has his instructions from his father, my physician, and I positively know from experience that he never

slights those instructions in the least," said Pierpont, with a doleful look.

The professor made a smiling remark, as he saw the visitors to the door, and then added: "I hope to have another chapter completed in two days. You may call for it any time after that."

"Oh, I will be here on time," laughingly rejoined Frederick.

"Yes, I assure you that he will," said Pierpont, as they started down the street.

When they were nearing the hotel, Frederick said: "It is starting to rain. We had better hurry."

"What do you call what we have been doing?" gasped Pierpont, who could hardly speak for want of breath.

Frederick looked at Pierpont and laughed, while saying: "I forgot myself in my anxiety to get back to the hotel and read the first chapter."

"I am afraid if you get much more interested in that old mouldy piece of paper, you will forget I am with you on this trip, and start back home without me. Come to think of it, you had better pay

your board bill in advance, or you will run off without paying it, and then I'll have to pay them both."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Frederick. "You know, Pier, I believe the old manuscript has already caused a change in your thought, for you do say something clever now occasionally."

"No, it wasn't the manuscript that changed my thought. You walked so deuced fast that it kept me thinking pretty lively where to place my feet and how to find time to catch my breath."

"You don't mean it," retorted Frederick, in a semi-serious tone. "If it is true that walking fast keeps you so busy that you have no time to think of your trouble, then I will give you a fast walk, morning, noon, and night."

"On second thought, Fred, I have come to the conclusion that it was the old manuscript, and not the fast walking, that kept my thought busy," said Pierpont, with some show of enthusiasm.

"Oh, I am on to your tricks. You reconsidered what you said for fear I would take you at your

word and give you a hurried trot several times a day."

"Precisely," said Pierpont, with a grin.

Entering the hotel, they observed Mrs. Estermore coming toward them. "Just the people I am looking for," she said as she grasped the hand of each. "You see, we had planned to take in some of the sights, but now that it is raining, we have decided to remain indoors. So we thought perhaps we could persuade you gentlemen to come up to our parlor and tell us of your trip, to help while away the time."

"What say you, Pier?" asked Frederick.

"Oh, I should be pleased to go." Then, looking at Frederick with a comical smile, he added: "You know, Fred, that what we had in mind can easily wait until to-morrow or next day."

Frederick saw that he was in for it, but how he wished he could find time to read the translation first. So with as good a grace as possible he said: "Yes, surely it can wait."

"Then come right along with me," said Mrs. Estermore.

As they entered the parlor, Rosalind arose to greet them, saying: "It is indeed good of you gentlemen to come to our relief this rainy day, though I sometimes think that Lady Constance enjoys rainy days better than the days of sunshine."

"Then Lady Constance must be different from most people, as I only know one other person who likes rainy days best," said Frederick.

Lady Constance looked interested at once, and asked: "And who might that be, Mr. Davenport?"

"My friend Pierpont," answered Frederick, with a broad grin.

"Is he speaking truly?" inquired Rosalind, turning to Pierpont.

"Yes, partly; but I do not like the rainy days best from choice," was the reply.

"No?" said Lady Constance, with a tone of surprise. Then seeing a smile on the face of Pierpont, she added: "I do not seem to understand, espe-

cially as you said you do not like rainy days from choice. How else could you like them best?"

"As a matter of compulsion and self-preservation," soberly said Pierpont.

"I do not catch your meaning, either," said Mrs. Estermore.

"Ask Frederick. He knows full well what I mean," said Pierpont.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Frederick. "Yes," he said, "I will explain. You see, my father is Mr. Whitney's physician, and he ordered a change of scene, travel, fresh air, and plenty of exercise, sending me with the patient to see that he followed directions; but the patient does not like the advice of the physician, especially that part which relates to plenty of exercise. So of course he keeps wishing and praying for rainy days in order to avoid walking a block or two."

"That is it exactly. Only you should have said one or two hundred miles instead of one or two blocks," remarked Pierpont.

"According to my way of thinking, this travel,

change of scene, and exercise, as a means to regain health, is really absurd—I might say nonsensical and ridiculous," said Lady Constance.

Pierpont crossed the room to where Lady Constance was sitting and, taking a seat beside her, said: "Lady Constance, if you can convince Mr. Frederick Davenport of the truth of that which you have just said, I will be indebted to you for life. Really, Lady Constance, I believe you are the only reasonable person I have met since I became sick, for practically all who have given me advice have suggested than I try to run away from my own thought, when it is self-evident to any thinking person that one's thought is always where he himself is."

"Oh, no. The advice was not for you to run away from your thought, but for you to change your thought," interjected Frederick.

"Running away from your own thoughts is certainly a very poor method of trying to change them. What ought to be done is to change the *understanding,* and this will necessarily change the thought," said Lady Constance.

"There you are, Fred; that is the secret of *how* to change the thought—namely, change the understanding," said Pierpont.

"That looks reasonable to me," said Rosalind, "and mother and I have for some time been gradually changing our understanding."

"That is interesting," was Pierpont's remark. Then turning to Lady Constance, he added: "Surely, your liking for rainy days the best is not from the same motive as mine, for I see no herculean female attendant watching and ordering you around."

All laughed, while Lady Constance replied: "I do not like rainy days better than sunny days. I like both equally well; but on rainy days one is inclined more or less to remain indoors, and that gives one time for serious thought and study."

"Oh, I see. Then you have taken up some deep study," said Pierpont.

"Yes, the deepest study of all."

"May I ask what you consider the deepest study of all?" asked Pierpont.

"The Science of Life, the Science of God," answered Lady Constance.

"You mean theology," said Frederick.

"Yes, the theology of Jesus, of John, of Paul, and of the older prophets, with its accompanying science, but not the theology of the present-day churches with their peculiar and erring beliefs."

"Now it is I that do not understand," said Pierpont. "Please explain."

"That which I am studying cannot be explained in a few words. So I will merely say that I am studying the science that underlies all the wonderful happenings chronicled in the Bible, especially the so-called miracles of healing accredited to Jesus."

"Lady Constance, do you mean to say that the works that Jesus, John, Paul, and the prophets did were based on a demonstrable science?" asked Frederick.

"Exactly that," quietly answered Lady Constance.

"Remarkable, if true; but when was this science discovered? I mean, when and by whom was it discovered that the wonderful works of Jesus and

the Apostles were based upon an exact science, and where have I been that I seem to know nothing of this wonderful discovery. I am sure that I have seen nothing in the daily papers about it."

"Nevertheless, the papers of two continents have been full of it from time to time, and many sermons have been preached for and against this great discovery."

"Frankly speaking, I am all at sea. Pier, have you seen anything in the papers about this?" asked Frederick.

"No, I have not. I suppose this all happened since we left New York," said Pierpont.

"On the contrary, the discovery was made about forty years ago," said Lady Constance. "Why, I have been studying this Science for five years myself."

"Please, Lady Constance, unfold the riddle to us, for surely there must be some joke connected with this," said Frederick.

"Yes, there is a joke connected with all this, and the joke is that you, like many others, gave so little

attention to this discovery, when perhaps your own health and happiness was at stake. You considered this science from your own view-point only, and, not understanding it, you called the discovery of it a joke. Perhaps you were influenced in your judgment somewhat because it was a woman instead of a professor of some theological school who discovered this science; but the fact remains that the Christ Science, re-discovered by Mary Baker Eddy, and named Christian Science by its re-discoverer, is an exact science."

"Oh, Christian Science!" said Frederick, as he turned to hide a smile.

Lady Constance, seeing the smile, turned toward Pierpont, and asked: "Why do you not also laugh at me?"

"Truly, I see nothing to laugh at. Christian Scientists pretend to heal the sick without drugs, and *materia medica* claims to heal with it; but the drugs given to me have done me no more good than the Christian Science which I have not yet tried; and surely, no Christian Science practitioner could

give more nonsensical advice than some of the advice given to me by the regular doctors—for instance, this trying to run away from my own thought. No, I see no chance to laugh at the Scientists, even if they have done nothing, as the many physicians I have had have done no more for me."

"Well, I did not come up here to discuss the merits or demerits of Christian Science. In fact, I have no interest in the subject at all," said Frederick.

"Neither have I ever been interested," added Pierpont.

"Very well," smilingly replied Lady Constance, "then let us talk about something that is of more interest to you gentlemen. How about your travels, or where do you think of going next? Have you met with any circumstance that is particularly interesting? If so, tell us about it."

Pierpont glanced at Frederick with a quizzical look, and said: "My friend Frederick has lately gotten a mysterious something that is of particular interest to him, but I am not much interested."

"Pier, I thought we were not to say anything until later about what I secured," said Frederick.

"Why, Fred, I haven't said anything as yet." Pierpont could not suppress the broad smile that spread over his face as he thought of Frederick's impatience to read the translation of the old manuscript.

Mrs. Estermore, seeing the broad smile on Pierpont' face, and also noticing that Frederick seemed a little nervous or embarrassed, jumped to a quick conclusion, and said: "A lady, I'll wager."

A hearty laugh from both the young gentlemen greeted her words, and then Pierpont said: "No, Mrs. Estermore, you are mistaken; Frederick's mystery is nothing half so interesting as that."

Frederick was silent a moment, and then spoke: "Pier, I think it due the ladies that we now make a clean confession, and I don't see that any harm can come from telling them. Besides, some of them may be interested. Are you agreed?"

"Certainly, Fred; but if they are not interested,

you will have to wait until we are alone before finishing your reading."

"Yes, I agree. Ladies, I will divulge our little secret, and you must feel free to tell us at once if you are not interested."

"Oh, it's a secret, is it?" smilingly inquired Mrs. Estermore. "My guess was not a very good one, then."

"No, Mrs. Estermore, it was far from the mark, and if you all are willing, I will tell you about our secret."

Lady Constance, as did the others, signified, by a slight bow of the head, that she was willing. So Frederick proceeded: "To make a long story short, I will merely say that I bought an old manuscript without first examining it. It proved to be written in Greek, and so we engaged a gentleman to translate it into English, but he has not yet finished the task. In fact, he has just begun; or, rather, he has translated the preface and one chapter. Pierpont and I have read the preface, and the first chapter is in my pocket, and, from what the translator told us,

the manuscript is of untold worth to those who are sick. In fact, he said that if Pierpont studied the manuscript until he understood what it contained, he would surely be healed."

As Lady Constance heard that the manuscript had to do with the healing of the sick, she became interested at once, and as Frederick paused, she said: "I am sure that I should enjoy hearing this old manuscript read, for I am very much interested in all that pertains to healing the sick."

The others all agreeing, Frederick pulled the translation from his pocket and handed it to Pierpont, who said: "Frederick, you read it, please, for I seem to get more out of a thing when some one else reads it aloud."

"Yes, please do," echoed the three ladies.

"Very well; I will read it straight through, and we can comment on it afterwards, if we wish to."

CHAPTER VI

HUMAN BELIEF

"'Human Belief' is the name of the chapter, and it begins as follows," said Fred.

"'That a man can be wrong or in error, and still honestly think himself right, we have ample proof in our daily life.

"'That an entire nation may be in error on a given point, and still honestly think themselves right, we have proof in the crucifixion of Jesus of Narazeth by the Jewish nation.

"'That all of humankind are in bondage to a very great error, is not generally known, but it is nevertheless true, and this error must be destroyed before mankind can have peace and rest.

"'This greatest of all errors has to do directly with each person's life experience, and is at the root of all the woe and misery and misunderstanding of this earth, to-day. Shortly stated, it is the universal

error pertaining to the actual relationship between God and man.

"'If a man be in error, but honestly thinks himself right, it is no small matter to convince him of his error. As a rule, it cannot be accomplished without positive proof of the true, and then, ofttimes, the proof cannot be accepted by the individual until he is convinced of his error. Until this is done, he cannot be benefited by the truth, because his adverse views will not allow him to accept the truth that has been presented to him. Knowing this from my own experience, I shall not merely state the truth, but shall also try to prove it.

"'Humankind in general think or believe that they are bodily beings with a brain that formulates thought, and, further, that somewhere in this human body there is a soul that separates itself from the body at what is called death, seeking then a better habitation. Some think the soul rises to its Maker, to be blessed or condemned, and this is the general thought; while others entertain various and differing views. The vast majority of humankind have

given little or no thought to life, rarely asking why they live or why they die, why they are happy at one time and sorrowful at another, why they are sick at one time and well at another, etc.

"'If any thought is given to the subject at all, it is merely to accept what some one else declares relative to these subjects, and without any positive proof. So, in consequence of this shiftless way of thinking, the error that man is a body with a soul inside has been universally accepted as true, and has held sway for centuries. This being a grievous error, it has resulted most grievously for humanity.

"'Let us now examine into this general error, and see if we cannot remove its disguise and penetrate to the truth.

"'Mortal man is considered to be composed of a substance called matter. It is plainly apparent, and admitted by all thinkers, that matter cannot think. The brain of mortal man is admitted to be matter, but yet it is stated by some that the brain can originate thought. Deep students of mind know better; but humankind at large believe as I have stated. Is

there not something wrong with the theory which at one time says that matter cannot think, and, later, when matter is called brain, that it can think? Is it possible that a mere change of the name can make such a difference? No, it is not reasonable to think so. Then, if it is true that matter as ground or dust cannot think, then matter as brain cannot think.

"'When the event called death occurs, we see the brain in its accustomed place inside the cranium, but it does not then think, and no one claims that it does. What has taken place, to make such a change? Methinks I hear some one say, "The soul has departed from the body, and there is now no consciousness or ability to think." Then would it not be more reasonable to say that that which is said to have departed, and not the brain, is that which has the power of thought?

"'Let us now take another view. When a person is seen walking down the street, or throwing a ball, what is it that moves the legs or arm? The brain? Surely not; for we just got through proving that the so-called substance of the brain is matter, and

therefore cannot think. Not being able to think, it (the brain) knows nothing of the action necessary to walk or to throw a ball. In fact, it doesn't know that there is a ball in the hand to be thrown. If the brain does not give the volition to throw the ball, where does it come from? Perhaps some would say, from the muscles, nerves, and cords; but here we are again confronted with the fact that these are all composed of matter ("dust to dust," at the end), and matter cannot think. Therefore, we must conclude that the volition to walk or to throw a ball is not in muscle, nerve, or cord, and also not in the brain. Then where might this volition or power of thought be?

"'We saw by the former illustration, that when the soul was supposed to have left the body, all power of thought, volition, and action left the body. Then might it not be possible that the power to walk and to throw a ball is resident in the mentality, and not in brain, arm, or leg? And so it is with sight, hearing, and the other faculties: They are all mental faculties, and not faculties of the brain.

"Some may say that the physical eye is as necessary to the soul as is the soul to the eye, for, it is claimed, the material eye cannot see without soul, and that soul cannot see without using the eye as an instrument to see through. While this view appears true to human belief, yet it is incorrect; for if the mentality could not see without the physical eye, and could not hear without the physical ear, then it could not speak without the physical organs of speech. Consequently, when departing from the body to enter the place that mortals have designated as heaven, the surviving mentality would become deaf, dumb, and blind.

"To carry this illustration still further, it will be apparent that if the mentality needs the eye in order to see, then it also needs the physical body in order to move; and, if this were true, the mentality could not leave the body, for it could not move itself without the body.

"An individual says: 'I have written a letter.' Now, who or what is meant by 'I'? Is it the hand? Is it the brain? Or is it the mentality? If the hand

or brain wrote the letter, then in the great hereafter the person would not be capable of composing a letter, for these two bodily organs are left behind.

"'Then, we are not bodily or physical beings with a minor part called soul. The soul could not be the minor part, and still be the seat of government or volition for the body. That which governs is greater than that which is governed. Neither can the brain govern, it being so-called matter, with no power to think.

"Hence we must arrive at the conclusion that the ego, the 'I,' of a person is other than the body, and is the mentality, the consciousness, the life.

"'It is now plain to be seen that, correctly viewed, each human person is a mentality with a mortal manifestation called body.

"'Furthermore, we must not make the mistake of supposing that a spiritual being could have a body composed of matter, for the Scripture teaches that Spirit and flesh are at war; that is, they are contrary one to the other, and cannot commingle in the spiritual or real. Matter is a supposed and not a real

substance. It is the objective state of the supposititious and false beliefs of erring human sense, and has no real entity in the actuality of life, but merely a supposititious entity, based upon erring thought.'"

As Frederick finished reading, he looked up and noticed a smile upon the face of Lady Constance, as well as upon the other ladies' faces, and so he said: "I suppose you think this is all very foolish, and will not care to hear any more of the manuscript."

"On the contrary, I, for one, am very much interested; and, if I am not mistaken, Mrs. Estermore and Rosalind are also interested," said Lady Constance. "The only fault I have to find is, that there is so little of it. When will you get more of it, Mr. Davenport?"

"Not until day after to-morrow."

"Oh, dear! so long as that!" said Rosalind.

"There is no cause for hurry. Patience will and must have its perfect work," quietly replied Lady Constance.

"Frederick, what do you think of what you have just read?" asked Pierpont.

"I saw a smile on the faces of the ladies as I finished reading, and so I do not care to commit myself," answered Frederick.

"Well, as far as I could grasp it, I thought that the writer used very logical reasoning, but I do not understand it all," said Pierpont.

"Mr. Davenport," interrupted Lady Constance, "I wish to set myself and friends right in your estimation. We were not smiling at what you were reading. I think the same thought came to my friends that occurred to me and caused us to smile. It was this: You were very quick to change the subject of conversation from Christian Science to something else; but, if I am any judge, that manuscript was written by one of the early Christian Scientists—one of the early Christian fathers—in the second or third century following the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth."

"Do you mean to intimate that what I have read is similar to the present-day teachings of Christian Science?"

"Yes, I think so; at least, as far as my under-

standing of Christian Science enables me to judge," said Lady Constance.

"That would be quite remarkable, because this manuscript is supposed to be many centuries old, and you just told us that Christian Science was a recent discovery, about forty years ago, if I understood you rightly," said Frederick.

"Yes, Christian Science was rediscovered about forty years ago. Mrs. Eddy never claimed that she had discovered something entirely new, but that she had rediscovered the Christ method of healing. which seemingly had been lost for centuries."

"Oh, I see! Then, rightly understood, Christian Science is not something new under the sun, but the rediscovery of something that was once known, but later discarded," said Frederick.

"It was never purposely discarded, but the correct knowledge of it was gradually lost, because they did not have the art of printing, and many became unwilling to abide by its teachings. Nothing short of right doing and right thinking at all times can justly bear the name Christian Science, and *'many*

are called, but few are chosen.' Few are willing to strictly abide by Truth," Lady Constance replied.

"Fred, you seem to be prejudiced against Christian Science, and I am surprised, because you have always been liberal in thought about everything else," said Pierpont.

"Yes, I am prejudiced against this so-called science, and rightly so," retorted Frederick, rather sternly.

"You mistake, Mr. Davenport. You are not prejudiced against Christian Science. Your prejudice is against what you think Christian Science to be. Christian Science is truth, and I am sure you are not willing to go on record as being prejudiced against truth," quietly remarked Lady Constance.

Frederick looked from one to the other of the ladies, and as he directed his gaze toward Rosalind, she said: "Lady Constance is right. I once claimed to be prejudiced against Christian Science, but I have since found that the object of my prejudice was not Christian Science, but what I mistakenly thought it to be."

"Perhaps, perhaps; but I cannot forget that a very dear friend of mine met his death by taking some medicine supposed to have been prescribed by a very wise spirit, and I have often said that, if I had the making of the law, such fakers would soon find themselves in jail," Frederick rejoined.

"Where they belong," quietly added Lady Constance.

"What!" said Frederick, in surprise, "you would have your friends and brethren put into jail?"

"No, not my friends or brethren, but only such fakers as you spoke about. My brethren do not deal with mysterious spirits. Neither do they advocate medicine, even though the prescription was supposed to have been written by a wise spirit. I think you have no conception at all of Christian Science, and so you cannot be prejudiced against it. That which you have outlined properly belongs to necromancy and black art, and is the antipode of Christian Science."

"You surprise me, but they called it Christian Science!" said Frederick.

"I haven't the least doubt of it," laughingly answered Lady Constance, "for the devil always did like to masquerade in the robes of the Lord, hoping thereby to direct suspicion on some innocent party."

"Lady Constance, I believe the quickest way to undeceive Frederick would be to show him that our text-book reads much like his old manuscript, as I am sure he believes that as far as he has gone, for the manuscript is logical and correct. Am I right, Frederick?" asked Mrs. Estermore.

"I have never read anything that has interested me half so much," was the reply, "and I shall take the time later to carefully digest it all. Lady Constance, are you sure that Mrs. Eddy's book contains similar statements?"

"I will let you be the judge," said Lady Constance, as she reached for a copy of Science and Health that was lying on a near-by table. Opening it, she glanced through a few pages, and said: "On page 478, line 4, Mrs. Eddy writes: 'What evidence of Soul or of immortality have you in mortality? Even according to the teachings of natural

science, man has never beheld Spirit or Soul leaving a body or entering it. What basis is there for the theory of indwelling spirit, except the claim of mortal belief?' Now, if I remember rightly, you have something similar. Please hand me the manuscript." After a moment's search, she read: "'The error that man is a body with a soul inside has been universally accepted as true, and has held sway for centuries. This being a grievous error, it has resulted most grievously for humanity.' Can't you see that these statements are much alike?"

"I can," said Pierpont. "There is no denying that they are similar. But are they true?"

"Good. I am glad to have you ask that question, for really it does not matter much whether they are similar, if they are not true. Your manuscript says it is true, and my text-book also teaches that Soul is not in body. Perhaps this point will be made clearer in the next chapter of the manuscript. So I would advise that you suspend judgment on this question until you have read the remainder of the manuscript," said Lady Constance.

"But why wait for the rest of the manuscript, if you already have a similar writing?" was Frederick's query, as he pointed at Science and Health.

"I am not yet sure that the manuscript is in full accord with my text-book; and besides, you claim to be prejudiced against Mrs. Eddy's writings. In such a mood, you would not be mentally ready to read Science and Health, as you would read into the lines your own misconceptions as to this science, instead of being open to the truth that the book teaches."

"Lady Constance is right, Frederick. I had a similar struggle; but later you will see the meaning of it all," said Rosalind.

"Oh, very well. I can wait, I think; but, candidly speaking, do you really believe that Christian Science would be of any benefit to Pierpont? I want you to answer carefully, for if you say "yes," I will make him take it, for I must bring him home well, one way or another," laughingly said Frederick.

Before the others could answer, Pierpont broke in: "Fred, you need not alarm yourself about hav-

ing to force me to try Christian Science. I have fully made up my mind to do so."

"If you do, you will never regret it," said Lady Constance.

"Mother and I were both healed through Christian Science, and that is why we are so thoroughly interested in its teachings," said Rosalind.

"Since when have you thought of taking Christian Science treatment, Pier?" asked Frederick, in surprise.

"Within the last ten minutes. To be exact, I will say that I fully determined to take Christian Science treatment the moment I found this card on the table."

Fred took the card and read:

Lady Constance Berryford,
Christian Science Practitioner,
London, England.

The first feeling aroused in Frederick was one of anger and resentment at thought of Pierpont's failure to appreciate his own and his father's efforts to

cure him. Before he could speak, however, another thought came to his mind: "It's not Christian Science that is the attraction. It is Lady Constance herself." Here was just the thing he had often wished would come about—namely, that some incident or some person would interest his friend to the degree of self-forgetfulness, and on the instant he decided to make the most of the opportunity now at hand, for Frederick loved his chum sincerely. So he determined at once that, if necessary, he would even appear to be interested in Christian Science for his friend's sake; and, looking up with a serious expression on his face, he said: "Pier, I don't blame you for expressing a desire to try something else, for really we have worn the old method threadbare, and, if there actually is something in this new method of healing, we ought not to stand in our own light."

"Nobly spoken, Frederick," said Rosalind.

Pierpont looked in the direction of Lady Constance, and remarked: "There is only one thing that would keep me from trying Christian Science,

and that would be the refusal of Lady Constance to take my case."

Lady Constance did not reply at once. So Mrs. Estermore said: "Please take the case, Lady Constance. They are old and honored friends of ours."

Lady Constance looked up with a pleasant smile and said: "You know, Mrs. Estermore, that I agreed to go on this trip mainly because I thought it would afford plenty of time for thought and study, whereas in London the constant calls of the sick did not give me the time I craved for further advancement in this wonderful study."

"Oh, Lady Constance, please help these two wanderers to find the true light, as you did mother and me," exclaimed Rosalind. Then in a moment she added: "I am tired of all this sight-seeing already, and so is mother, and we will agree to your suggestion, made some time ago, that we put in half of each day in study and only go sight-seeing in the afternoon. This would give you the necessary time to take care of Mr. Whitney's case."

"Mr. Whitney, are you also willing to forego the

pleasures of sight-seeing to the extent of putting half of each day upon the study of the Christ Science?" asked Lady Constance.

"Lady Constance, in my present condition, neither travel nor sight-seeing is any pleasure to me, and I would gladly devote the entire day to study if you should so order," was Pierpont's emphatic reply.

"You need have no fear that Pier will run away sight-seeing or anything like that. I had to use all my powers of persuasion to get him to walk a block or two once a day," laughed Frederick.

"All things that we do should be done in moderation. Excess in study is no more profitable than lack of study. However, I think Mr. Whitney will thoroughly enjoy the study of the Christ Science, once he has caught the true idea. So, as you all seem to be of one mind that I should take his case, I will do so, and we will start treatment to-morrow, if that is agreeable to him."

"Thank you, Lady Constance. I shall try to be a model patient," said Pierpont.

"Very good. However, I should prefer that you

be a model of perfect health and peace, and I shall labor to bring this about."

"It is getting late," said Frederick, "and, as the question of taking treatment has been settled, I should like to speak about the manuscript before we leave. Do you wish me to bring the balance of the translation, when it is finished?"

"Yes, certainly, for I am indeed much interested, and, as I said before, I believe you will find that the writing in the manuscript has to do with the Christ-method of healing. If so, the writer may have said something in just the proper way to dissolve your so-called prejudice against that method of healing," said Lady Constance.

"Oh, I did not say I was prejudiced against the Christ-method of healing—only against Christian Science," said Frederick.

"They are the same," replied Lady Constance. "The confusion exists because the world at large never realized that the healings of the Master rested upon an absolute and demonstrable science, but attributed them to some supernatural power; whereas

it has now been discovered that his power to heal and to do the other so-called miracles rested upon a divinely *natural* and universal power, which Jesus fully comprehended."

"What you say is most interesting, and at some later date I shall ask you for the proof of what you have just stated," said Frederick.

'If your friend Pierpont is healed by this method, do you not think that will be very acceptable proof that this method is based upon a natural power, and that this power is known to me?"

"I can see that, if Pier is healed through your efforts, this would be proof that you are familiar with the power; but I cannot yet see that his healing by or through you would also prove that this power is natural rather than supernatural."

"But, Mr. Davenport, if the power to heal were supernatural, it would be different from natural power—a gift, as it were, to me personally, in the same sense in which nearly every one regards the healing power manifested by Jesus; for scholastic tradition represents this power as having been

given to him, and him only, by a personal God. It argues, further, that later Jesus gave this healing power to his disciples. If that were so, it would surely not be a natural power. Therefore, none could ever gain this power to heal except as this personal God saw fit to bestow it. But I claim that it is based upon an exact science that all can acquire, the same as the ability to work a mathematical problem is gained through study and practice. If this were not so, then why did Jesus designate his followers as disciples or students?"

"I don't catch your meaning fully, and I think it best for me to do some meditating upon this subject before talking any more about it. So I think Pier and I had better repair to our rooms," said Frederick.

At this, Pierpont arose and said: "I think Fred is right, and I believe it will be more profitable for us to get by ourselves for a while, and talk matters over. At what time to-morrow do you wish me to come, Lady Constance?"

"Eleven o'clock in the morning will suit me, if convenient to you."

"Very well; I will be here promptly at that time," said Pierpont.

As soon as they reached their rooms, Frederick asked, "What do you think of the manuscript now, Pier?"

"I am much more interested than at first. But what do you think of Lady Constance and her Christian Science?"

"Oh, I was not so much surprised at her being a Christian Scientist, as I never knew her before; but it took my breath away when a thoroughly sensible girl like Rosalind Estermore claimed to be following this cult, too."

"Fred, I think you are doing wrong when you call what we heard about to-day a 'cult'; and, if agreeable to you, I would suggest that neither of us say anything more on the subject until we know more about it. Besides, I have decided to try this Science in the effort to regain my health, and it is only reasonable

to suppose that to hear it spoken of slightingly can do me no good."

"Pier, you are right, and I ask your pardon. I will not offend again. If you are willing, I propose that we do a little reading and thinking. I wish to read this manuscript again, and you no doubt would like to see what is inside that little black book that Lady Constance gave you."

"You are right, Fred. Somehow, I am as anxious to read this book as you are your manuscript. In fact, I am really interested in something, and for the first time in more than a year."

Each seated himself in an easy chair, and for some time there was no sound but the rustling of an occasionally turned leaf of book or manuscript.

CHAPTER VII

MENTAL EXERCISE

On the morning of the day appointed for getting more of the translation, Frederick said: "Pier, are you going with me to Professor Bretento's for more of the manuscript?"

"No, I don't think that I care to," answered Pier.

"Now, see here, Pierpont Whitney, you haven't had a breath of fresh air since day before yesterday, and you will please remember that your physician ordered you to get plenty of it every day," said Frederick.

"You seem to have forgotten, Fred, that I changed physicians day before yesterday and am no longer under orders from my former physician; but you need not be alarmed. I had plenty of fresh air, just the same."

"I did not know that you were out of the house yesterday. When did you go out?"

"I wasn't out. I sat by an open window in Lady Constance's parlor for two hours yesterday, and I don't remember the time when the air and everything else seemed so delightful," was Pierpont's impressive answer.

"Oh, I see! But how about the exercise? You know that must not be neglected."

"Don't you worry about exercise. I don't believe my mentality ever did so many acrobatic stunts before in one day as it did yesterday, trying to fathom the deep things of the Bible, as Lady Constance explained them to me," Pierpont retorted.

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed Frederick, "that is not the kind of exercise that you need, or that was ordered for you."

"I beg to differ with you. It is exactly the kind prescribed for me by my new physician. She says it is my ignorance of the actual laws of life that causes me to have these ill feelings, and that if I will *exercise* my God-given power of right thought, this will enable me to destroy this false sense of hopelessness and helplessness. In other words, I

need to exercise my mentality more in the right direction rather than to exercise my body," said Pierpont.

Frederick looked his astonishment, and was on the verge of making some derogatory remark, but he checked himself in time, for the thought occurred to him that a careless remark might destroy his friend's chances of recovery. So he merely replied: "Well, I should think that the body needed some exercise, as well as the mind."

Pierpont smiled a little, as he said: "Fred, that is just the remark I made to my practitioner. I will give you the same answer that she gave me, and at your leisure you can digest it as I have been doing. She said: 'Your body cannot think. Therefore it does not know when it is walking or running or merely sitting quietly in a chair. Neither can it know whether it has had exercise or not. This being true, can you not see the folly of exercising the body in the hope that this exercise that it knows nothing of, will heal it of the ills of which it is not aware? On the contrary, it is your mind that knows and

feels, and therefore it is the mind that needs attention, rather than the body.'"

There was genuine surprise written on Frederick's face as he caught the import of what Pierpont had just said, and he stood silent a full minute. Then he gave a long and significant whistle, ending by saying: "My, but haven't you got your hands full! I am glad it's you instead of me, but I hope you will be able to survive the ordeal. Well, as you do not seem inclined to accompany me this morning, I will go alone and get whatever of the translation the professor has ready. By the way, would you care to read any more of it?"

"Fred, let's understand each other. I am taking a course of mental or spiritual treatment at present in place of the material treatment that I formerly took. I will be candid with you and tell you that, as far as I have gone, it is the most logical and reasonable treatment that I ever have taken. Also, I wish you to know that all of us, Lady Constance included, are of the opinion that the old manuscript you are having translated is in direct line with this

spiritual method of healing, and that perhaps it contains much that will give us light upon this greatest of all studies, as they call it. Consequently, we are fully as anxious as yourself to hear more of the manuscript."

There was a pleased smile upon Frederick's face as he listened to his friend's explanation, for his idea had been, that perhaps the others had expressed interest in the old manuscript merely to please him, and he had expected so much from it, after all the professor had said. He now extended his hand, while saying: "Pier, old friend, I am glad you spoke as you did, for I was fast coming to the opinion that you also had lost interest in my find, and I had the highest hopes of the old manuscript being of benefit to you, after all that the professor had told us. Now, no matter whether it is in line with the work you have taken up or not, I have determined to see you through in this matter, and will help you all I can."

There was a long and hearty handclasp, and then Pierpont said: "You are the most unselfish fellow

in the world, and I am sure you would put yourself to any task, no matter how disagreeable it might seem, if you thought it would benefit me."

Frederick's answer, as he opened the door to go, was a hearty "Good-bye! I will not be gone long," and, fifteen minutes later, he was ringing Professor Bretento's doorbell.

The professor beamed with pleasure as he saw who his caller was, and exclaimed: "You surely have found a treasure! I can scarcely tell you how thankful I am to you, gentlemen, for bringing that wonderful manuscript to me." Then, noticing the absence of Pierpont, he remarked: "Your friend is not with you. Nothing serious, I hope."

"No, nothing more serious than a beautiful woman and a peculiar teaching."

"I do not understand you," said the professor.

"Oh, it's nothing of moment! By the way, professor, have you ever heard of Christian Science?"

"Yes, I have. In fact, I have a sister who resides in Germany, and she was healed by or through this science after all other means failed her. Later she sent

me a few books and some other printed matter, but I gave them no attention beyond a casual reading, and so"—— At this point the professor stopped short, and a surprised look came into his countenance. The next moment he exclaimed: "I have it, I have it!"

Frederick was at a loss to account for the professor's words and actions, and so he asked: "What is it, professor?"

"I will tell you. Ever since I began translating the manuscript, I have been haunted, as it were, by a feeling that somewhere and at some time I had read something like what I was translating, but not until this moment did it dawn upon me that many of the statements in the old manuscript are much like those in the Christian Science books which my sister sent me, only the statements in the manuscript seem to be in much simpler form. If I am not mistaken, however, the meaning would prove to be the same in both if they are read with understanding."

"Professor, you are not the first to tell me that the contents of the old manuscript are similar to the Christian Science writings of today."

"How is that? I thought that no one but you, your friend and myself knew of the manuscript."

Frederick then explained about meeting his friends from America and their friend from England. He also mentioned that Pierpont had decided to take Christian Science treatment from Lady Constance, but added that he, himself, had no faith in it.

"Mr. Davenport, if Christian Science is much like the teachings in the manuscript, then I predict that your friend will be healed, for I am sure that the Christ-method of healing the sick is outlined in that very manuscript. It would not seem wonderful to me if some very good and intelligent individual had re-discovered the Christ-cure," said the professor.

"That's the word, exactly, 're-discovered.' That is what the founder of this movement claims to have done, but I have always thought the whole thing was a fraud."

"I would advise you not to view it any longer in that light. The very fact that the founder used the word 're-discovered' shows that she was aware

of the true state of things, and I shall put some study upon the books that were sent me as soon as I have finished your translation. Here is another chapter ready, and no doubt you are anxious to read it."

"Yes, very anxious, and I hoped that you would have it all done today, but I realize that a work of this kind takes time."

"It certainly does, but we will soon have it completed. In fact, you may come for more tomorrow."

"Thank you, professor. You may be sure I will be here at the same time as usual."

A few minutes' hurried walk brought Frederick to the hotel and to his room. As he entered he looked around expecting to see Pierpont, but the latter was not there. Stepping to the table, he pulled the translation from his pocket and laid it down. As he did so he saw a note upon the table addressed to him. Quickly opening it, he read:

"Fred, I am at the Estermores', and they asked me to leave a note requesting you to come upon your return, and to bring the translation with you. Pier."

"Well, that just suits me," was Frederick's ejacu-

lation, as he laid the note on the table and took up the manuscript.

In answer to his rap, Rosalind opened the door and said: "I am so glad you came. How about the translation? Did the professor have any more ready for you?"

Frederick smiled, as he answered: "I understand. It's not so much me that you were glad to see, but the manuscript."

"Mr. Davenport, I think you are in error. I am inclined to believe that the manuscript was merely an excuse to get you to come," said Lady Constance, with a smile.

Frederick looked at Rosalind, as he said: "We will leave it to Rosalind, as to which it is."

Rosalind's face flushed a little, as she said: "You two have put me into a rather difficult position, for if I should say that the manuscript was an excuse to see Frederick, it would be quite improper, and if I should say that Frederick was merely an excuse to see the manuscript, he might be offended. Now,

I think I will defeat both of you by saying that I am equally interested in both."

"Well spoken, daughter," said Mrs. Estermore, adding: "I think it will be wise to hear more of the manuscript before deciding which is the more welcome, for we know Frederick of old."

"Frederick, you haven't told us whether you got more of the manuscript or not," interrupted Pierpont.

"Here is one whole chapter, and I have the promise of another tomorrow."

"Good," said Pierpont. "Will you kindly read it to us?"

"I shall be glad to," Frederick answered.

CHAPTER VIII

WHAT IS A MAN?

"The title of this chapter is, 'What Is a Man,' " said Frederick; then read:

"Humankind, as a whole, believe that men have souls, and that it is the soul that continues to exist after the event called death. Humankind also claim bodies, and the general thought is that each individual is composed of a body and a soul. The soul is supposed to be somewhere inside of the body, yet invisible, even if the body be opened. It is further believed that men are primarily bodies and secondarily souls, and that the body largely governs the soul.

"In present human experience, the reverse of the above is true; that is, each individual is a mentality, manifesting a visible embodiment, and when viewed with understanding it is easily provable that the mentality governs the body, and that the individual is mentality and not body.

"The false belief that the brain formulates thought necessarily brings with it the further error that soul is resident in the body because the brain is located there, but brain is not soul. It is part of the body, part of the embodiment of the mentality. The power to think originates in the infinite intelligence, God, but is also counterfeited by the carnal mind, which evolves, as part of the embodiment, a brain, which seems to function thought.

"Soul is merely a common name for life, or consciousness. Now, consciousness is mental, but its presence could not be detected on this plane of experience if it were not for the fact that each individual mentality has a corresponding visible embodiment or body.

"It is the mentality that hears, sees, feels, tastes, smells, and thinks. Health and strength also are manifestations of mind and not of body. The body with all its seeming strength of bone and muscle, of itself, has not enough strength to stand erect.

"To illustrate: Let any person stand upon his feet. Then dispossess him of the ability to think,

even temporarily. The body—bone, muscles, nerves, cords, and all—falls a crumpled and actionless heap upon the floor. Herein can a great lesson be learned. The body is the same body after the person is temporarily deprived of his ability to think, and yet there is not the least sign of action, power, or strength in the body after the ability to think has been taken away. The logical conclusion is, therefore, that *all* action, strength, and power is in the mentality and not in the body. So, also, it can readily be demonstrated that the body can neither see, feel, hear, etc., when the power to think has been removed. In fact, the body is animated only by the mentality.

"Correctly speaking, the spiritual identity is the image, or manifestation of Soul, God. It is the sum-total of all right ideas, and is identical with spiritual man, and spiritual man reflects, and is the reflection of Soul.

"The human individual is mentality, and it is the mentality that has the power of thought. The experience of a person on this plane of existence is de-

termined by the kind of thoughts and feelings that he entertains, wherever they may originate. The thoughts of others can in no wise affect the mentality or body of a person further than that person submits to entertaining them or their results. In other words, only when the thoughts or influences of others are admitted to our consciousness can they have any effect on our lives.

"'As a man thinketh in his *heart,* so he is,' said one of the prophets. This statement I have found to be absolutely true in my own experience. For years I thought in my heart that I was sick and miserable, and I reaped just what I had sowed. I experienced in daily life the sick and miserable thoughts that I had been thinking. To think, then, is to sow, and to experience is to reap. See to it that the seeds of thought which you sow are good, else the harvest will not be to your liking. You, having power to control the sowing, have no one to blame but yourself, if the harvest is weeds instead of wheat; sickness and trouble, instead of health and joy; for the law is sure and just.

"If the brain has the power to originate consciousness, then the individual in passing from the body would not be able to think; would not know himself, nor where he is; nor could he hear, see or feel; for none of these things are possible without consciousness, and the brain is consigned to the grave with the mortal body. Then, to sum up what has been said, we must admit that it is the mentality that thinks and feels, and through this very power of thought and feeling it evolves and governs its own sense of body.

"Having arrived at this understanding, we see the responsibility of each person to think right about himself and all else, if he would enjoy a happy life.

"The trouble is that mankind has so little real knowledge. The erring mentality, entertaining a false sense, believes that its body can become diseased, and that it has no sure defense, and further believes that the body, in various ways, can cause death, although the soul lives on. But the soul, if the word is used in its ordinary sense, is the person, and the person is the soul or mentality, and if

soul is deathless, then also is the person, for they are one and the same.

"How, then, can we account for the phenomenon called death? It truly is very simple when once the correct view of life is gained; namely, the person is mentality, and the body is the externalized manifestation, or visible counterpart or shadow, of the mentality.

"Reasoning from this standpoint, we will take for illustration a person who, at the time thinks himself healthy and harmonious. At a later period some incident, it matters not what, changes his thought. Then, perhaps, he gradually takes on the thought of old age, with its accompanying beliefs of stiffness and feebleness, and his body gradually becomes stiff and feeble to correspond with this change of thought. The culmination of this false process is the belief that death is an inevitable end of the present state of existence, and at length the person believes he can live no longer because his body is old and worn out. Then comes dissolution in the moment when the person, deceived into not un-

derstanding the deathless nature of man, the image of God, thinks and believes that he is dying; and the former embodiment of this erring thought is then seen in the lifeless form which is called a corpse.

"Some of the prophets discovered the great fact that to think and feel is to live and to be; that thinking and being, or existing, are one and the same, and that, consequently, the thought of dying does not belong to existence. The Scriptures show, in the case of Enoch, that he 'walked with God,' and there is no record of his leaving behind a dead embodiment. To walk with God means to understand Life correctly, and live in the love thereof. As a consequence of correct understanding, no thought of old-age and death could be accepted; and, if not, life would be continuous consciousness, with no seeming death or break in its unfoldment.

"Men are at fault as to the nature of their bodies. In fact, nearly every one thinks of his body as himself, when the truth is that the human body is merely the shadow or visible manifestation of the

false or mortal factor in his consciousness. In fact, the mortal body is the image, or objective state, of false sense. The individual gets to thinking that he is body because he sees the human body do what the consciousness thinks of doing. But this view is an erroneous one, for, if the human body were the individual, then those who seem to have lost a part of the body (as an arm or leg) would have lost part of their individuality.

"The body is not the mentality, but is merely and only the corresponding shadow, or visible embodiment of the mentality, which is the conscious being, and so neither body nor brain (which is merely a part of the body) should be consulted or regarded any more than we would consult the sun-shadow cast on the ground as we walk. The mentality embraces its embodiment in the thought of itself, and the conscious being who knows this truth governs the feelings as well as the actions of the body, through knowing that the action, feeling and form of the body are the objectified thought. The human body is modified and re-formed for better or worse

by the thoughts and feelings that the mentality entertains in its own unfoldment.

"Such being the order of human life, it is at once apparent that the prophet who said, 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he,' not merely made a true statement, but pointed out an important human law of life. It is as though he had said: 'Whatever thought a man continues to entertain (no matter if it be a lie), he will experience and externalize that very thought.' "

There was no interruption as Frederick read the manuscript, but many a knowing look passed between Lady Constance and the other ladies, and at the completion of the reading, Frederick was the first to speak. "Well," he asked, "what do you think of the old manuscript now?"

"It is very similar to some of the writings accredited to the early fathers, the immediate followers of the disciples, though more simple in form and expression," said Lady Constance.

"And do you still think it similar to the Christian Science teaching?" was Frederick's next question.

"I am sure many of the statements in the manuscript mean the same as similar statements in my text-book, though they may differ a little in phraseology," replied Lady Constance.

"I am really surprised to hear you say so, because I think there is much truth and logic in what I have just read, but I supposed that Christian Science was nonsense."

"You should not have taken gossip's busy tongue for a teacher. You should have investigated for yourself," said Lady Constance.

"But some of our most learned men have pronounced Christian Science to be sheer nonsense," protested Frederick.

"When any one talks to us in an unknown tongue we are apt to judge that what they are saying is sheer nonsense. Later, however, when we understand the new tongue, we find that it is not so nonsensical as we had thought," Lady Constance rejoined.

"I guess you have the better of me there, but the question that most interests me at present is whether

you are right in your opinion that what I have been reading is much like the writings of present-day Christian Scientists. If you are sure, I shall at once begin to study Christian Science."

"I am sure I can answer that, Frederick," said Rosalind, "because much that you have just read seems familiar to me, and nowhere but in Christian Science writings have I found anything similar. So it must be that I recognize a similarity because of my previous study of our text-book."

"Lady Constance, will you not please make plain to Frederick how all that he has read is not entirely new to us?" interposed Mrs. Estermore.

"I intended to do so, but I do not like Mr. Davenport's doubting attitude. A real seeker after truth is open-minded, and not given to pre-judging. However, I shall attempt to show him the similarity of his manuscript to the writings of Mrs. Eddy."

"If you can do this, I am sure you will have no more cause to complain of my doubting attitude, for in all honesty, I think the writer of the old manuscript knew what he was writing about."

Taking up Science and Health, Lady Constance said: "I will turn to where Mrs. Eddy asks and answers the question: 'What are soul and body?' Here is her answer: 'Identity is the reflection of Spirit, the reflection in multifarious forms of the living Principle, Love. A material body with a soul inside of it is a mortal belief, "dust to dust," Soul is the substance, life and intelligence of man, which is individualized, but not in matter.' This is plainly similar to the teaching of the manuscript. Mrs. Eddy writes that identity is the reflection of Spirit. The writer of the manuscript says that the spiritual identity is the image or manifestation of Soul, God. Again, Mrs. Eddy writes: 'Soul is the substance, life and intelligence of man, which is individualized,' while the manuscript teaches that 'man reflects Soul.' Further, Mrs. Eddy writes: 'A material body with a soul inside of it is a mortal belief.' The manuscript reads: 'The mortal body is the image or objective state of false sense.' One writer uses the term 'mortal belief' and the other uses the term 'false sense,' while both mean the

same thing. Do you now recognize a similarity, Mr. Davenport?"

"I certainly do, and am truly surprised. From now on I shall give more heed to what you say on the subject of Christian Science," was the answer.

"I hauled down my colors and surrendered the second day, not that I understood much that was said, but Lady Constance continually swept the foundation from under all that I presented in opposition to Christian Science, and she did it so thoroughly that I had not an inch of ground to stand on to defend the position that I had taken," said Pierpont.

"Oh, I think it was not as bad as that," remarked Lady Constance, pleasantly.

"It was at least bad enough to show me that I knew next to nothing about life and its manifestations," said Pierpont.

"If it is not asking too much, I would like to inquire regarding another statement in the manuscript, namely, that health and strength are manifestations of the mind and not of the body. I can

see from the illustration given in the manuscript that the body without the mind could not hold itself erect, but I cannot yet see that health is also a condition or quality of mind, for even insanity is the result of a diseased brain."

"So it seems to human sense, just as the earth appears flat to the human sense, but understanding corrects the falsity of mortal sight, and can prove that the earth is spherical. So, also, we must leave the human or mortal sense of things behind and rise to the understanding of things as they are. Then it can readily be seen that health is not a bodily, but a mental condition. Please hand me the manuscript. I think there is something in it that will clear up this matter. Yes, here it is: 'The human individual is mentality, and it is the mentality that has the power of thought. The experience of a person on this plane of existence is determined by the kind of thought and feeling that he entertains, wherever they may originate. According to this, sickness is of mental origin, arising from false thought.' The body, as it were, images forth the

sick thoughts, not that a sick thought is at once externalized in specific disease, for the writer clearly states that 'whatever thought a man continues to entertain, will be externalized,' " said Lady Constance.

"The writer was wise in saying only such thoughts as we continue to entertain are experienced as sickness, for I was just on the point of remarking that I have had many thoughts about sickness that did not come into my bodily experience," said Frederick.

"And I, on the contrary, was going to say that I have had much more sickness than I've had sick thoughts, but perhaps I am self-deceived about this matter," added Pierpont.

"An excellent way to put it, for truly all sickness is a matter of deception," said Lady Constance.

"What does Mrs. Eddy write about sick thoughts being the cause of sickness?" inquired Mrs. Estermore.

"I will read it to you, for I have it right here. On page 270, line 24, of Science and Health, are

these words: 'Mortals think wickedly; consequently they are wicked. They think sickly thoughts, and so become sick.' Surely that is plain enough for all to understand, and there are many more statements just as plain. Here is one on page 260, line 20: 'A sick body is evolved from sick thoughts believed.' This reminds me of a statement in the manuscript, where the writer says that the human body is modified and re-formed for better or worse by the thoughts and feelings that the mentality entertains in its own unfoldment. So, you see, both writers agree, at least, in this respect."

"Yes, I can see that the statements are the same in meaning, but I can hardly believe that they are true," said Frederick.

"That is not to be wondered at. This new idea of the mentality governing the body through the character of its thought and feeling has always been true, but was not recognized nor understood. In fact, much of our teaching has been in the opposite direction, namely, that, to a great extent, at least, the body was self-governed. *Materia medica,* hav-

ing divided the government into two distinct divisions, which it was pleased to call voluntary and involuntary action. One of these actions was supposed to answer to the desire or will of the person, and the other action was supposed to be beyond control entirely. This made a man the most abject and hopeless thing in the world, for it took away from him the power of self-government, and left him at the mercy of that which *materia medica* had called involuntary action," said Lady Constance.

"But there is involuntary action. For instance, the action of the heart, the action of the stomach as it digests food, the involuntary jerking, twitching and shaking in one who is afflicted with palsy, and many others that I could cite," objected Frederick.

"What do you think about this, Mr. Whitney," asked Lady Constance, as she turned a smiling face toward him.

"Your smile tells me that Frederick is wrong, and that he will be defeated in the stand he has taken, for I have seen that same smile too many times

in the last few days not to know what is behind it. Still, if I were to take sides at the present moment, I would, in all honesty, agree with Frederick."

"Why, of course. It is so self-evident that the mind or brain does in no way govern the various actions I have enumerated," asserted Frederick.

A merry laugh, clear and silvery as a bell, came from the lips of Rosalind, as she shook her head and said: "Be careful, Frederick! You are on dangerous ground."

"Yes, Fred, you will get your just dues in a few moments for that hasty speech," said Pierpont.

"Well, what I know, I know, and no one can tell me differently. I know that I cannot govern the action of my stomach or heart," persisted Frederick.

"And just because you cannot do so you imagine that no one else need try to do it? I am sure, Mr. Davenport, you will agree that there are many things done by others that you cannot, at present, do. But this is not convincing you that you are wrong in the belief that there is involuntary action. I am

sure you overlooked the fact that the writer of your manuscript tells us that there is no involuntary action, and I know that Mrs. Eddy so teaches. What is more, I have in many cases proven that this is true," continued Lady Constance.

"I know not what Mrs. Eddy teaches regarding involuntary action, but I'm sure I did not read either the word involuntary or voluntary in that manuscript," said Frederick.

"Here in your manuscript I read as follows: 'Herein can a great lesson be learned. The body is the same body after the person is temporarily deprived of his ability to think, and yet there is not the least sign of action, power or strength in the body after the ability to think had been taken away. The logical conclusion is, therefore, that *all* action, strength and power is in the mentality and not in the body.' Now, if the writer is correct, that all action is in mind and not in the body, then it is self-evident that there can be no bodily action without volition. Therefore, the heart, stomach, nerves, cords, and muscles have no action of their own,

but respond to the impulse of some phase of the mentality at all times, even though this action is unobserved or not understood by the conscious mind," said Lady Constance.

"I do not yet grasp what you have said. I can see that the writer of the manuscript said that *all* action is due to a mental cause, but I still cannot see how this precludes the possibility of involuntary action, such as we see in palsy, and the like," Frederick replied.

"If all action is of mental origin, then it is self-evident that *all* includes *all*. Therefore, the body has no action, either voluntary or involuntary, but it is the mind that holds within itself *all* action."

"But how is it that the palsied man's hand and head shake in spite of him?" asked Pierpont.

"They do not. The man who has the belief of palsy is partially under the control of a phase of his mentality which he does not understand, and which most people do not understand. Hence both he and they are deceived into believing that the body is self-acting. That this is not true is easily proven by

the fact that there is no shaking when he is temporarily deprived of consciousness," said Lady Constance.

"I begin to see a little light, but I must take time for serious thought before surrendering to the position that there is no such thing as involuntary action. By the way, what does Mrs. Eddy say about this matter?" asked Frederick.

"Lady Constance just told you that Mrs. Eddy teaches that there is no such thing as involuntary action," interrupted Mrs. Estermore.

"Yes, I know Lady Constance said this, but I should like to hear just how Mrs. Eddy says it," Frederick replied.

"Very well," said Lady Constance, "I will read you what she says. Kindly hand me that large book on the table by your side, Mr. Davenport. It is a concordance to Science and Health, and enables one to quickly locate any particular statement. Yes, here it is, page 187, line 22, of Science and Health. I will start from line 13, so that you will get the full sense of her statement:

"'The valves of the heart, opening and closing for the passage of the blood, obey the mandate of mortal mind as directly as does the hand, admittedly moved by the will. Anatomy allows the mental cause of the latter action, but not of the former. We say, "My hand hath done it." What is this *my* but mortal mind, the cause of all materialistic action? All voluntary, as well as miscalled *involuntary* action of the mortal body is governed by this so-called mind, not by matter. There is no involuntary action.'

"You see, Mrs. Eddy absolutely repudiates even the possibility of involuntary action," remarked Lady Constance, as she laid down the book.

"Yes, her statements are direct, and there is no misunderstanding about what she means to say, but it is not at all clear to me," said Frederick.

"That is because you believe *materia medica* to be right and Mrs. Eddy to be wrong, but even the adherents of *materia medica* contradict their own statements by their actions," said Lady Constance.

"In what way? Please explain. It may give me light," said Frederick.

"Involuntary means, not from will or choice; in other words, ungoverned or ungovernable. After they (*materia medica*) have claimed that a certain action is involuntary, they then prescribe drugs to govern this action, thus in their own action belying the statement that certain actions are involuntary. That the heart action is in some cases influenced to some degree by the volition, mind, or will, is clearly to be seen in the following illustration that I will give you: A rifle-shot is suddenly heard by father and daughter. The father is a seasoned veteran of many wars, while the daughter is of a fearful nature. The result of hearing the rifle-shot is to make the heart of the daughter beat rapidly, but there is no increase in the action of the father's heart. Why? The father has learned to govern his fear, and in this manner the ordinary action of his heart is not disturbed. The daughter has not become master of her fears, and so we see this fear-thought producing the rapid action of her heart. Both actions are

the result of the mentality or thought-force, and differ according to the quality of the thought. When through association or otherwise the daughter becomes less afraid of a rifle-shot, she will have less rapid action in the heart beat when she hears a rifle discharged. So also the palsied man. When he learns, through reliance upon God, to subdue his erring thought regarding his shaking head and hand, he will find that he has become master of what *materia medica* calls involuntary action."

"I must have time to think this out alone, and as I seem to become more confused the further we go, I think I will stop for today. Perhaps we will talk further on this subject tomorrow, and the next chapter of the manuscript may also help me to see the light. Pier, are you ready to go with me, or will you stay?"

"I have a few questions to ask my practitioner. So I will come later," answered Pierpont.

"Very well, I will be going," said Frederick, as he arose.

Rosalind accompanied him to the door, saying:

"Do not let this matter worry you, Mr. Davenport. I had much the same experience when I first started the study of Christian Science. The trouble in understanding all comes from our previous beliefs."

"No, I shall not worry, but somehow I seem to be very dense on this subject, and it is the first time in my life that I could not readily grasp that which was laid before me."

"Remember, it is so entirely new to you as yet, and maybe you will find just what is needed in the next chapter of the manuscript. You will surely bring it to us tomorrow if you get it, will you not?"

"If I send it by Pier, will it not suit you just as well?" asked Frederick.

"Decidedly not," then blushing prettily as she caught the import of her own words, she added: "You bring the manuscript yourself."

"Do you mean it?" asked Frederick, with a bright gleam in his eyes.

"Yes. Good-bye." And then she closed the door.

Frederick was confused but happy—confused and a little ashamed that he could not grasp the whole

of the new science at once, and happy in the thought that the yearnings in the heart of the schoolboy were, perhaps, to be realized by the man.

CHAPTER IX

THE KEY

The next morning Frederick and Pierpont decided to take a walk through the park before they went to Professor Bretento's, and as they walked Frederick remarked: "My, but everything seems lovely this morning! I don't remember when the grass has looked so green, and the foliage more beautiful. Everything seems to be in exact harmony."

"That is just what I have been thinking. Just listen to that little songster. He must be bubbling over with joy inside, and so is giving voice to his feelings in song," said Pierpont.

"Pier, it seems strange to hear you speak in this happy vein once more. You have not uttered a word in the last year except on the pessimistic side, while the last few days your speech has been so different."

"Yes, I am feeling more hopeful and contented.

You know, Fred, I believe it is the result of the treatments that I am taking."

"Perhaps so, but I think a certain lady has much to do with it also."

"Say, Fred, don't you think Lady Constance is the most charming woman you have ever met?"

"No, I don't. And it is good that I do not think so, else you and I would get into trouble. I will admit that she is grand, but Rosalind is my choice," said Frederick.

"Shake hands, old friend and chum, and may you win, is my sincere wish," said Pierpont.

"I return your sentiment with interest. May you win and in the winning regain your health and happiness."

"Fred, it just came to me that everything seems so harmonious and beautiful this morning, not because all these things are different from what they were the last time we saw them, but because we are different. We are happy and harmonious, and so everything seems to fit our happy mood."

"That is the key, Pier, and proves what the writer

of the manuscript set forth, that health and strength are a mental and not a bodily condition, and so also with happiness."

"Yes, it must be true. This is what Lady Constance has been pointing out to me in Science and Health, and gradually I am coming to see that all this illness of mine was the result of my own foolish, wrong thought," said Pierpont.

"What a wonderful thing, if true, that our happiness or sorrow is the product of our own thought. If true, nothing will be impossible to us after we gain the ultimate understanding of Soul and its thought-forces. Pier, I see by the clock in yonder tower that it is nearly time for us to be at the professor's, so we had better head that way.

"Ah, my young friend, I see that you are better," said the professor, as he took Pierpont's hand. Then he added: "Study well the chapter that I give you today, and you will make this better feeling a permanent thing."

"Then you have another chapter ready, professor?" asked Frederick.

"Yes, I have now gotten the swing of the writer's thought and can make rapid headway. In fact, I will have another chapter done by tomorrow at this same time."

"I am so glad to hear you say that, for really we all are very deeply interested in the old manuscript."

"The ladies are also interested?" asked the professor.

"Yes, very much so. And we compared what you gave us yesterday with what the ladies knew of Christian Science, and they came to the conclusion that they are much alike," said Frederick.

"I did not know that you had told the professor anything about Christian Science," interjected Pierpont.

"Yes, I casually called the professor's attention to Christian Science, and he told me that he had heard of it before—in fact, that a sister of his in Germany had been healed through this science after all other means had been tried in vain," replied Frederick.

"Yes," said the professor. "My sister was healed and later sent me some books on the subject, but I gave little heed to them. However, since talking with your friend yesterday morning, I looked these books up and found much in them that seemed reasonable."

"It is certainly helpful to me to hear you say that you had a sister healed of a serious illness by this method, for it makes me expect my healing more confidently," said Pierpont.

"Mr. Whitney, from all that I am able at this time to glean from the manuscript, and from what I read of Mrs. Eddy's works last night, I feel certain that you will be entirely restored if you apply yourself and do not get weary in the fight."

"I am determined to give it a thorough trial," said Pierpont.

"Professor, he's all right. I have no more fear for him. Why, he is getting well in two ways at once," said Frederick, with a laugh.

"How is that?" asked the professor.

"Why, he is being healed in both head and heart at the same time and by the same practitioner."

The professor waved his hand in full comprehension of Frederick's meaning, and as they started to leave he added: "I hope nothing like that will happen to you, Mr. Davenport, at least not until after I have finished the translation, else both of you might forget to come for it."

Before Frederick could reply Pierpont broke in: "It need not happen. It has already happened."

"What!" ejaculated the professor, and then added: "Not the same lady, I hope."

"No, thank heaven," said Pierpont.

"Then I breathe freely again," smilingly remarked the professor, as he saw them out of the door.

"That is Pierpont's rap. Will you please go to the door, Rosalind," asked Lady Constance.

"Maybe it is Frederick," Rosalind replied, as she started for the door.

"Frederick may be there also, but that was Pierpont's rap," said Lady Constance.

The next moment Lady Constance heard Rosalind saying, "Good morning, gentlemen, I am very glad to see you!"

"Thank you. We have just come from Professor Bretento's with another chapter of the manuscript, and thought perhaps you would like to hear it read."

"Be seated, Frederick and Pierpont," said Mrs. Estermore. "If you had seen how sharply my two girls were watching the clock you would know that they were anxious about something, but whether it was the manuscript or yourselves I will not say."

"Well, at any rate, we have the manuscript," hastily replied Frederick. Then catching sight of Lady Constance, he added, "Good morning, Lady Constance."

"Good morning, Mr. Davenport. Good morning, Mr. Whitney. You had a pleasant walk?"

"Decidedly so. It has been a long time since I enjoyed a walk like this morning," was Pierpont's reply.

"We both remarked that same thing," said Fred-

erick. Then he added: "Shall I do the reading this morning?"

"Please do, Frederick," answered Mrs. Estermore.

"Very well," said Frederick, as he took the manuscript out of his pocket and began to read.

CHAPTER X

THOUGHT

"In his ability to think right is the conscious being's power of self-defense. Right thought is the power of the conscious being, and nothing but Mind can think. Therefore, Mind has and contains all power.

"The human mentality searches and, sooner or later, discovers what Life, Soul, is, and this searching and discovery is its own unfoldment. This is shadowed forth to some degree in its embodiment as change and activity of the body. Not that the body has the ability to change, but that the embodiment must necessarily shadow forth in some degree. the discoveries of the mentality. When the mentality in its search for truth discovers a new concept, it reasons about it, and if in this reasoning process it seems to arrive at the conclusion that it understands the new concept, this concept is then shadowed forth to some extent in either form, ac-

tion or feeling. This shadowing forth takes place, even when the mentality has made a mistake in its conclusions. Consequently we see the false conclusions or convictions of the mentality externalized as trouble and disease in the embodiment, though neither trouble nor disease is real. It all takes place through a thought process. Likewise the true mental concepts that the human mentality does not think to be true it does not embody, does not show them forth or express them.

"Through the process of thinking, the images of thought, that the mentality thinks true, are delineated upon and in the body as feeling, form, or action. Knowing this action of the mentality, it behooves us to keep careful watch upon our thought.

"According to three general divisions—thoughts of action, thoughts of feeling and thoughts of form —can all mortal thought be classified, although at first it seems as though there were many more kinds of thought. It is also true that some thoughts or concepts combine two and some even the whole three of the divisions, and this is what makes it

hard to classify some of the thoughts, but a careful analysis will determine which of the three divisions is most largely represented in the thought, for in that division it belongs. To make this matter of the classification of mental concepts clear, I will cite a few:

"'I am feeling well,' is a feeling thought, and it is sensed as feeling in the embodiment.

"'I am growing fleshy or taller,' is a form thought and is expressed in the body as gain in flesh and stature.

"'I am running,' is an action thought, and so is embodied in that movement that we call running.

"'I feel tired,' is a combination thought and is expressed in feeling a sense of overaction.

"The above will suffice to show how our thoughts are first mental concepts and later are expressed or shown forth as bodily conditions. In fact, the mistake is made of thinking the mental condition to be absolutely a physical condition, and that the thought or mentality has nothing to do with the bodily conditions, but in reality there are no bodily conditions.

The body is effect and not cause, and consequently it can neither have nor make any conditions. All the conditions that seem to be in or of the body are entirely mental conditions embodied, shown forth.

"One of the prophets makes substantially the statement that the clay cannot reply to the potter. This statement illustrates what I have said above, namely, that the effect, the embodiment, has no power over the cause, the mentality. The cause is always the mentality and not the body. Thought passes from mentality to body, and no thought ever passes from the body back to the mind. That which seems to come from the body back to the mind is merely the echo, as it were, of the mentality's own thought that had been sent out to the body. This echo being the supposed bodily feeling, form and action, having its inception in the mind. Humanity mistakenly takes the echo of the thought for the thought itself. To illustrate: a person at hard work gradually formulates the thought that he is feeling tired. Back from the body echoes the tired feeling, and the individual, not knowing that his own thought

was and is responsible for the tired feeling, supposes that the work has made the body tired. The body, however, has neither feeling nor action, and knows nothing of the hard work that the individual has been doing. Hence it could not have been affected by the hard work. Further, it is the person or mentality that does know he is at hard work, and, believing in the commonly accepted error that hard work makes one tired, he allows himself to be governed by this belief, therefore formulating his thought of being tired on the basis of his working hard.

"Let us illustrate further the power of thought and how mere thinking can change a bodily condition. An unexpected cannon shot or loud explosion will seemingly stop the heart-beat for a time, or will cause a normal, harmonious bodily state to instantly change to utter collapse of the body, also changing the complexion from pink to white. You say it was not the thought, but the explosion, that caused all this change. The explosion was the incident that caused the individual to think the thought

that produced the disturbance, but it was the thought that caused the change, for the body has no ability in itself to hear, as is proven in that a corpse or a deaf person manifests none of the conditions mentioned above when near an explosion. To think of some sad incident produces a sad countenance, and in the next moment to think of something mirthful changes the sad countenance to a smile.

"The Scriptures state that God made all that was made and pronounced all that he made 'good.' Admitting that this is true, then he who thinks that there is evil is thinking wrong, and it is this very wrong thinking that produces the wrong. For this wrong thinking we suffer, not that God made the evil, but the individual mistakenly believes there is evil, and as the body echoes back the individual's own wrong or evil thought he experiences the wrong that he thought. Not that the wrong is real, for there can be no such thing, but the person, not thinking in conformity with the fact or truth about all things, experiences his own wrong thought as a bodily condition. So the body, as it were, is a slate

upon which the mentality writes its own thought of what it thinks or accepts or entertains. Then, observing its own writing upon the body, not knowing that what it sees is the result of wrong thinking, the person or mentality mistakenly lays the blame for its suffering upon some incident, thing or individual and many times even upon the Maker of All Good.

"Much wrong thought is the result of ignorance of what is really true, and the suffering brought upon us through this kind of wrong thought is easily destroyed, for as a rule each individual is ready to gain knowledge, and gaining knowledge the human mind thereafter thinks more correctly. The wrong thought occasioned by fear will also yield, but not as readily as that which results from ignorance, because those who are in fear, doubt the wisdom and goodness of God. They doubt the Scriptural statement that God made all that was made, and pronounced it good, and a 'doubting Thomas' is harder to convince of the truth than the most ignorant person.

"Sin is thought and feeling recognized as wrong,

and the suffering wrought by sin cannot be destroyed until such wrong thinking and feeling are stopped. Thoughts and feelings of hate, envy, lust, malice, lying, stealing, murder, and the like, are sinning thoughts, and they will bring the person who tolerates them to the lowest depths of misery and suffering. The misery occasioned by them cannot be stopped until the person ceases from such thoughts and feelings, for each time that they are indulged in they make, as it were, more misery. This is justice.

"As hate, malice, envy, and worry are wrong and destructive, so also love, hope, faith, and truth are right and constructive, or saving.

"He who is wise and wishes to enjoy a life of health, peace and happiness, will henceforth never tolerate hate, envy, malice, worry, or fear, for these thoughts work destruction to the health, peace and happiness of those who tolerate them. Whereas, to continually exercise love, hope, faith, kindness, truth, joy, and peace will eventuate in a life of bliss.

These good thoughts produce the saint, while the evil thoughts make the sinner."

As Frederick finished reading, Lady Constance exclaimed: "Wonderfully plain."

"What a numbskull I have been all these years, and I prided myself on my learning! Why, I knew absolutely nothing correctly, especially that which pertains to life and happiness. Lady Constance, can you tell me why it is that the world at large fails to see the truth of what I have just read?" asked Frederick.

"There are two main reasons for this mortal blindness. The first is that people will not take time to think for themselves, but follow blindly the mistaken thought of others. The second reason is that nearly all men judge practically everything after the flesh instead of after the Spirit, thus going counter to Paul's admonition."

"I can see clearly that you are right as to the first reason, but I fail to understand the second," Frederick replied.

"I will try to make my meaning plain. Human-

kind in general, having no adequate conception of the true or actual, make the mistake of judging all things according to appearances, whereas, Paul bids us only to render judgment according to Spirit."

"I catch your meaning, Lady Constance," said Frederick.

"So do I," added Pierpont. "And I see further that this is just what has been the matter with me. All along I have been judging unrighteously from the appearance of things, and by so doing have judged, from bodily feelings, that I was sick, whereas my understanding should have told me that the body had no feelings at all."

"Very good, indeed," said Lady Constance.

"I should like to know what Mrs. Eddy says relative to this subject," said Frederick.

"A great deal," replied Lady Constance. "In fact, almost all that she says has to do with thought in one way or another. For instance, on page 415, line 16, Science and Health, she writes: 'Note how thought makes the face pallid. It either retards the circulation or quickens it, causing a pale or flushed

cheek. In the same way thought increases or diminishes the secretions, the action of the lungs, of the bowels, and of the heart. The muscles, moving quickly or palsied by thought, represent the action of all the organs of the human system, including brain and viscera.' Here in this one statement Mrs. Eddy points out the fact that the entire human body, with all its complex organs, muscles, nerves and cords, is absolutely mentally governed.

"I can at once grasp that thought makes the face pallid or flushed, but it will take further consideration on my part for me to be sure that thought governs the heart action," said Frederick.

"Still it is not unreasonable to suppose, even if we do not fully understand, that if thought can regulate the circulation of the blood, causing a pale or flushed cheek, it can also govern the heart-beat. I suppose our success in doing these things depends upon our understanding the process by which they can be accomplished," said Pierpont.

"You are right. It is the same as anything else that we try to do. We must become aware of how

these things are accomplished, before we say they are not true," remarked Lady Constance.

"Lady Constance, it enlightened my thought wonderfully when you read me the paragraph of which the marginal heading is 'Mental Sculpture.' Will you please read it to Frederick and Pierpont?" asked Mrs. Estermore.

"Yes, that paragraph will be helpful," assented Lady Constance. After consulting the concordance for a moment, she turned the pages in Science and Health, and continued: "Here it is, on page 248. Beginning with line 12, it reads as follows: 'The sculptor turns from the marble to his model in order to perfect his conception. We are all sculptors, working at various forms, moulding and chiseling thought. What is the model before mortal mind? Is it imperfection, joy, sorrow, sin, suffering? Have you accepted the mortal model? Are you reproducing it? Then you are haunted in your work by vicious sculptors and hideous forms.' You see from this that Mrs. Eddy teaches that we reproduce in

action, feeling and form just the thoughts that we entertain."

"Truly remarkable that I did not see this great truth before, for such it undoubtedly is. In fact, I can now recall that some of the melancholy moods and thoughts that I indulged in reproduced themselves later in bodily feeling," exclaimed Pierpont.

"Yes, you surely had a very poor mental model before your thought for the last year, whereas you should have had the truth or true model in mind. The true model regarding all things is just as the writer of the manuscript states, when he calls our attention to the reality, in these words: 'The Scripture states that God made all that was made and pronounced all that He made "good." Admitting that this is true, then he who thinks that there is evil is thinking wrong, and it is this very wrong thinking that produces the wrong. For this wrong thinking we suffer.' I can see clearly from the above that the model or basis for all right thinking is that only the good exists, and therefore that what is not good is seeming or supposition, and should be

rejected as unreal, no matter how much it may seem to be true," said Lady Constance.

"Then evil of all description only seems to be, but in actuality is not," said Frederick.

"That is exactly right, as I understand it. In fact, evil, or error, is merely the externalization of mistaken thought, having neither actuality, basis nor place, but is the reproduction of supposition or human belief. And the destruction of error consists of correcting the mistaken thought which is casting its shadow over our life experience. As the thought is corrected, the shadow changes to right or disappears entirely, as the case may be," Lady Constance replied.

"Really, I do not know when I have been so interested in anything as I am in these talks, and I would like to stay and hear more, but feel that I have already monopolized too much of your time. Anyhow, I am eager to learn, and I half wish that I was sick so that I could apply to you for treatment, Lady Constance, like Pierpont is doing," said Frederick.

"There will be no necessity for you to play sick in order to find some one who is willing to show you the way. I would suggest that you come at the same time Pierpont comes for his talks and treatment. You could study Science and Health with Rosalind and her mother."

"A capital idea, if they are willing," said Frederick.

"Rosalind and I are always ready to read and study Science, and I am sure it will be still more interesting to have you study with us. If you should ask any questions that we were not able to answer, we could get Lady Constance to help us. You would, wouldn't you, dear?" asked Mrs. Estermore.

"I shall be pleased to tell you anything I know of this Science," was the cordial reply.

"Then it is settled. And as I am to come for an hour this afternoon, I will bring Frederick with me," said Pierpont.

"Yes, do," said both Rosalind and her mother, as the young men departed.

CHAPTER XI

DISEASE

"I am surely getting well. I cannot recollect when I spent such a happy hour as yesterday afternoon. And last night I slept the whole night through without a break, and so this morning I feel ready and eager for our walk to the professor's." Such was Pierpont's first remark as the two chums arose for the day.

"I, too, spent a happy hour yesterday afternoon, and learned much that was new to me. In fact, I was surprised to learn that Rosalind and her mother know a great deal more about Christian Science than I thought possible," was Frederick's emphatic reply.

"They could not help gaining knowledge with such a teacher as Lady Constance. The stumbling-blocks that she has removed for me in these few days would weigh tons," continued Pierpont.

"If you are ready we will go, and we can talk on the way," said Frederick.

"Yes, I'm ready," promptly replied Pierpont.

After breakfast, they were passing the desk on their way out, when the hotel clerk said: "A parcel for Mr. Davenport."

"I wonder what it can be," said Frederick, as he started to unwrap it. Inside was a note which read as follows:

"Mr. Davenport: I was called out on an errand this morning. Not wishing to disappoint you, and my way lying in this direction, I thought it well to leave the translation at your hotel. You may call for more to-morrow at the usual time.

(Signed) "Professor Bretento."

"Well, that was certainly kind of the professor, and it will save us the time and trouble of going. I wonder if the ladies would be ready to hear it read?" queried Frederick.

"I think so, as I know that Lady Constance is an early riser. She told me that she spends several

hours in study each morning before we call," was Pierpont's reply.

"Then let us go up to their parlor, for I am more anxious than I can tell to read what I have here," said Frederick.

In response to their rap, the door was opened by Mrs. Estermore, who greeted them with a cordial "Good-morning, gentlemen. I see you believe in the old saying that 'the early bird catches the worm.'"

"Now, Mrs. Estermore," began Frederick, but Mrs. Estermore stopped him with a wave of her hand, and said: "No excuses necessary. We have been up for hours, and are all anxious for the next feast of old manuscript."

"I am certainly very glad to hear you say so. I thought perhaps our call might seem a little early, but Pierpont told me that you were early risers. It so happens that the professor brought the translation to the hotel this morning, and so we did not need to go after it. This accounts for our being here so early," said Frederick.

"Have you all of it this time?" asked Rosalind, as she motioned them to chairs.

"No. At least, the professor said in his note that we were to call for more to-morrow morning. You see, the fact is, neither Pierpont nor I know how many chapters there are," Frederick answered.

"I should judge that there are several more chapters in the manuscript, for there are a number of important points that the writer has not touched upon as yet," said Lady Constance.

"Fred, what is this chapter on?" asked Pierpont.

"I did not stop to look, but if you are all agreed, I will go ahead now," said Frederick.

"Oh, we are always ready for something good!" said Mrs. Estermore.

"Very well. I will read the chapter. It is entitled

"'DISEASE.'"

"'Disease—what is it? Is it a physical or bodily thing, or is it mental? Humankind in general think that disease is a bodily affliction. Physicians in particular have always thought that disease was of a

bodily nature, and, thinking from this view-point, they have handled it as a bodily ailment.

"'This accounts for the fact that the longer this world stands, the more sick we have, and also why there has been no sure remedy found for the many diseases. Rightly understood, disease is not of bodily but of mental origin, and only when it is handled from this standpoint will a sure cure be found.

"'As has previously been pointed out, the body has neither sensation nor action, nor is it able to think. Therefore it cannot be rightly claimed that a thing having neither the ability to think, feel nor act, can make or cause any condition, diseased or otherwise.

"'Disease is purely of mental origin, and that which we see of disease in the body is the visible picture of the mental condition or thought which is being entertained.

"'How could it be otherwise, considering that we have proven that consciousness is the thinker and that nothing else can think, and that thought is the force of man?

"'Disease is the result of incorrect thinking, and

these wrong mental concepts, like all other thoughts of the human mind, when believed, are externalized or made visible on or in the embodiment of the person believing them. Therefore we see that disease cannot be cause, but is effect. Neither can it cause itself, as disease cannot think, and thinking is the only cause.

"'Each mentality, in its effort to learn what life or living consists of (in its own unfoldment), takes many things for truth that careful thought would have shown to be mere deceptive appearance; for instance, the sight illusion, when in the distance the sky and the earth seem to meet. So also, the person is deceived into believing mental conditions to be bodily conditions, and also into believing itself to be a bodily being instead of a mental being.

"'With error in the premise, there must be error in the conclusion. So this life seems to be one great vale of tears and imperfection, instead of perfection, the natural order.

"'The incorrect thought of the mentality is externalized as disease on or in the body. These incorrect

thoughts may seem to originate with the mentality itself, through its own false sense, or they may seem to have their origin in the incorrect thought of others and be accepted by the mentality. Sometimes the acceptance of another's erring thought is quite unobserved—so much so that one says he has never been conscious of such a thought. Yet, if he will observe his mental processes, he will readily discover that, ofttimes, something is said within his hearing which he accepts as true, but at the time he hears it he is not much interested, and so the next moment has seemingly forgotten the entire circumstance. Later, when through some incident he becomes interested in something similar to that which he formerly heard, back from his latent memory comes the thought which had at a previous time been stored away, almost unobserved. That this thought was all the time in the latent memory is readily seen, for if it had not been thus stored away, he could not have recalled it.

"'A seed of thought, like a seed of grain, must have certain conditions before it can germinate and

evolve. When we hear or think something that, at the time, we do not think of enough consequence to keep in the conscious thought, nevertheless this thought is unconsciously laid away in our mental storehouse and may become evident later. This is like taking a grain of wheat and planting it in the midst of a handful of dust. In this condition it will not germinate. So with the unobserved thought that we stored away in the latent memory. Later, moisture penetrates the dust; even though it has lain dormant for years, the seed of wheat will germinate. So also with the thought which has been stored in latent memory. Perhaps some incident as remote from the particular thought as the rain was from the seed recalls this thought from the chambers of memory and thrusts it upon the attention of the conscious mentality. Then this thought becomes a germinating seed in the consciousness of the individual, and being accepted by the individual it is externalized in the body, perhaps months after the first experience of the original thought. If the individual never entertains the thought, it cannot germinate and be

embodied, and it is then in the same condition as the seed in the dust without the rain.

"'There is only one way in which disease thoughts can become visible or be made manifest in the body, and that is by being entertained by the individual mentality. Hence, the great need that each person should know the true status of all things.

"'According to the Scriptures, God, or the parent Soul, made all that was made, and the parent Soul, being all that is, had nothing from which to create man outside of Himself or endowed with other than His own nature. Then man, the reflection of the perfect, must reflect the substance and the perfect nature of the Father, and this accounts for the words of Jesus: "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Man, then, is perfect as to his substance and nature. He is perfect naturally, and imperfection is unnatural. The real is truly natural and the unreal is unnatural. Then any seeming imperfection of an individual mentality is unnatural, unreal, not true, a mere seeming, or false belief. When, however, an individual takes on a false sense

of his own substance and nature, believing himself capable of becoming imperfect under certain conditions, and views the imperfect conditions as a reality, he must be undeceived as to this error. That is, the individual must become aware of the true status of all things, and that, in the words of Jesus, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." In other words, all men must learn that mortals are deceived, sunk in "the deep sleep that fell on Adam," as to the true nature and substance of man. Then they will find that the ills to which they seem subject are mere human beliefs and not realities. Knowing this truth, they will be loosed from the bondage of thinking that they can be sick. Consequently, they will cease to think that they are sick, no more sickness will be manifested in their embodiments, and they will indeed be free, having been set at liberty by the truth that they became aware of. Thus they will verify the words of Jesus.

"'The mentality that holds its true selfhood as perfect is following the advice of Jesus. In due time this knowledge of perfection is externalized in the

embodiment; but to try to think one's self to be perfect and then to act imperfectly is merely to lie to one's self, and the effort to gain perfection in this way comes to naught; for, according to divine wisdom, it is only the thoughts that we actually think to be true, the thoughts that we think in our hearts, that we experience in our daily lives. Fleeting or unbelieved thoughts do not manifest themselves.

"'Even if one does not actually know the truth for one's self, not actually having proven it to be true, yet one can sometimes gain relief from disease through blind faith in truth, through radical reliance on that which others have proved to be true. The divine blessing thus received is the very proof that the truth one had faith in is actual, and after faith comes understanding. The process is the same as when a child works out a mathematical problem. The child may not actually know the process, but, having faith in the teacher's knowledge, the child follows the directions given by the teacher and arrives at the correct answer, thereby proving to its own satisfaction that what the teacher said was true. So also it

was with the followers of Jesus. They took up his teachings, and by following his directions they were able to prove to themselves and others that disease was not an actuality, but, on the contrary, that it was merely the expressed form of wrong thinking, which truth, or true thought, destroys.

"'The individual mentality, then, finds itself in the remarkable position of being both judge and jury for its own experiences, the judgment of all things pertaining to itself resting, as it were, in its own hands. According to its judging righteously or unrighteously, rightly or wrongly, about all things, does it get troubles or blessings. The Scripture saith: "And God gave man dominion over all the earth." Dominion consists in rightly judging all things, thinking rightly about one's self and all else.

"'Here, perhaps, an illustration would be helpful. We will suppose that on the right of an individual mentality is all that is true, all that is real, while upon the left are massed all of the mortal beliefs, mortal suppositions, and mortal imaginings. Take, for instance, the general mortal belief that standing

in a draft will produce what is called a cold, manifest in the body. That this is a belief and not a reality can easily be seen when we remember that the body cannot think and therefore has neither action nor feeling of its own. Hence the body could neither feel nor think of the draft. It is the individual mentality that makes the mistake of accepting the common belief in drafts. So it says, as it were, "Yes, it is true. The body can catch cold." Then in due time the embodiment expresses or manifests the unrighteous judgment of the mind. What a difference there would have been if the person standing in a draft had known, remembered and declared the actuality, that man reflects the substance and nature of God, and that he is not subject to a cold any more than God could be subject to that which He had never made and did not know of. In other words, the individual mentality should not have allowed itself to be led to think wrongly by the general beliefs of mortals, but, on the contrary, should have declared the truth about the situation. Finding the truth through right reason, it would have rendered right-

eous judgment in such words as these: "Man reflects the substance and nature of Infinite Perfection, and hence my judgment is that man can never have such a thing as a cold. Therefore, my embodiment or body, which is my visible representative, cannot manifest that which is impossible to me."

"'And so with all disease. If the mentality judges according to human belief, instead of according to fact or truth, it pays the penalty in suffering. And what could be more just than this?'"

"One would be very dense indeed if he did not understand the origin of disease after reading that chapter," was Pierpont's comment as the end of the chapter was reached.

"Providing," added Lady Constance, "that the person had had the same explanations of other matters that you have had. You see, many are so blinded by their own human beliefs about the origin of disease that they can neither grasp nor admit that disease might originate mentally. Consequently, they still continue to view it as of bodily origin."

"That may all be true; but surely this chapter

should cause even the dullest to think," said Pierpont.

"Many persons are merely human parrots, never having an original thought, but content to repeat what they hear others say," said Frederick.

"Now, Mr. Davenport, remember that charity and patience are both virtues, and we must exercise these virtues," said Lady Constance.

"That chapter is certainly a wonderfully clear setting forth of the true state of affairs. For instance, where the writer says, 'Disease is of purely mental origin, and that which we see of disease in the body is the visible picture of the mental condition or thought of the mentality,'" said Rosalind.

"Not any clearer than the statement of Mrs. Eddy's, on page 411, line 21, Science and Health. I will read it: 'Disease is always induced by a false sense mentally entertained, not destroyed. Disease is an image of thought externalized.' The author of the manuscript also states that disease is the result of incorrect thinking," said Lady Constance.

"I think it is very enlightening," remarked Mrs. Estermore, "to know just how thoughts of disease

are externalized upon the body, and this is made quite clear in this statement: 'There is only one way in which disease thoughts can be made visible or manifest in bodily form, and that is by being accepted by the mentality. Hence the great need that the individual should know the true status of all things.' As I take it, if we view or understand that disease is unreal, not actual, then we have the correct view about disease. When we see a murder committed on the moving-picture screen or on the stage, appearance is there, but our understanding tells us it is not actual. Understanding the actual about these things, we dismiss them from our thought and thus avoid being influenced by them. In like manner we shall avoid experiencing disease-thoughts as actual conditions if we view them in a similar light. Knowing, therefore, the unreality of disease, we shall blot it out of thought, and then no disease-shadow will be cast upon the body."

"Truly we all are making progress. The statement that the disease-thought must be accepted or mentally entertained before it is externalized suggests

that disease is mental and is in accord with what Mrs. Eddy writes on page 493, line 18, Science and Health: 'Sickness is a belief, which must be annihilated by the divine Mind.' As I understand this statement, sickness is a false sense, an erring thought, a mortal belief, and its destruction is brought about through the individual's becoming conscious of the fact that the belief, or wrong thought, or wrong sense, is not true. Thus, so to speak, the sense and appearance of actuality or reality is taken away from the belief, and then it is seen in its right light as nothing—no thing," explained Lady Constance.

"What do you say about the thought of others affecting us? I think the manuscript says that only the thoughts of others *that we accept* can affect us; but I have heard some say that feelings of hate, malice and envy that others entertain toward us can cause distressing or diseased conditions in our bodies," said Rosalind.

"Yes, I also have heard this," answered Lady Constance, "but Mrs. Eddy does not so teach. Please hand me that little booklet. Yes, this is the one. It

is entitled 'Christian Healing,' by Mary Baker Eddy. Here on page 6, line 20, are these words: 'But the fact remains, in metaphysics, that the mind of the individual *only* can produce a result upon his body.' This is certainly plain and conclusive, and I have often been surprised, when talking with students of Christian Science, that some have overlooked this fact. However, to gain the full significance of this statement by Mrs. Eddy, and not be misled by it, we must take into consideration her statement in the sentence immediately following: 'The belief that produces this result may be wholly unknown to the individual, because it is lying back in the unconscious thought, a latent cause producing the effect we see. If it were not true that, through our individual knowledge and enforcement of the law of God, we can expel and reduce to nothingness all disease-beliefs, wherever they may seem to come from or in whatever way they may seem to reach us, we should be the most helpless creatures in the world, for we would be at the mercy of any and all evil-thinking persons. We would neither be self-governed

nor could we rightly be held responsible for our shortcomings, and under such conditions it would be absolutely impossible for us to work out our salvation as the Scriptures imply that we *must* do. The knowing of these truths has saved me from much fearful thought and has put the responsibility for all my ills and shortcomings where they belong—that is, upon my own shoulders. They have made me both fearless and careful, fearless toward the evil thoughts of others, and very careful that my own thoughts be right."

"I certainly am thankful to you for showing me that statement from Mrs. Eddy, for I, too, have heard that others' evil thoughts could affect me whether or no; but I now see that I must accept their wrong thought, consciously or unconsciously, before it can cause any bodily feeling in me," said Mrs. Estermore.

"Yes, so I understand it," said Lady Constance.

"I am beginning to see clearly that all disease is purely mental, and that it is a state of being deceived. Why, if this be true, all that is needed to heal any

case is through the power of Truth, to thoroughly undeceive and enlighten the individual mind, and then the individual will find himself well," said Frederick.

"That is just what Jesus taught when he said to those who believed themselves sick: 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' It is as though he had said: 'At present you know not truth, for erring thought has deceived you; but when you become aware that sickness is only belief or illusion, you will be free or healed.' That is, you will find that you never, in fact, were sick," said Lady Constance.

"Let me see, Lady Constance," said Pierpont, "what the manuscript says about this. Oh, here it is: In the words of Jesus, 'Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' In other words, all men must learn that mortals are deceived (sunk in *"the deep sleep that fell upon Adam"*) as to the true nature and substance of man. Then they will find that the ills to which they seem subject are mere human beliefs and not realities. Knowing this truth,

they will be loosed from the bondage of thinking that they can be sick. Consequently, they will cease to think that they are sick, no more sickness will be manifested in their embodiments. and they will indeed be free, having been freed by the truth that they became aware of. Thus they will verify the words of Jesus.

"Can this really be true? I seem to feel it to be true, but it seems beyond my intellectual comprehension. What else does Mrs. Eddy say about the disease being in or of the mind rather than of the body?" asked Pierpont.

"Many things. I recall one statement that I looked up recently for Rosalind. It is on page 400 of the text-book, beginning with line 20. This is how it reads: 'When we remove disease by addressing the disturbed mind, giving no heed to the body, we prove that thought alone creates the suffering.' I can also aver that this statement is true, having proved in many cases just what Mrs. Eddy says," remarked Lady Constance.

"What a terrible mistake humanity has made, if

all this be true! And I am fast coming to recognize that it is—must be—logically and changelessly true!" Frederick exclaimed.

"I agree with you, Frederick, but just how to go about the correction of the whole mistake is more than I can see at the present moment," said Pierpont.

"Please remember, gentlemen," resumed Lady Constance, "that Mrs. Eddy has named this study a science, and there is no particular open sesame to it, other than honest study and persistent effort to understand Life and its manifestations. As with all other sciences, we must go on from small beginnings to prove the later possibilities."

"Lady Constance, do you not think it would be well for Pier and myself to go to our rooms and thresh this thing out between us? You see, we would feel much freer to ask all manner of questions of each other. While here in your presence, we seem to be exposing our ignorance by the questions we ask," said Frederick.

"Why, you could not expose your ignorance more than you already have, even though you asked a hun-

dred ridiculous questions. You both have declared emphatically that you knew absolutely nothing about Christian Science. Neither did I, until I had studied it for a long time, and even now I feel that I have only made a good beginning. Still, I can realize that you would feel easier if alone; and, if you will remember to use your God-given power of right reason, instead of 'thrashing it out' by jumping from one false conclusion to another, I think your time will be profitably spent," said Lady Constance.

"Here, Frederick, take my Science and Health, and concordance. I am sure that they will be of aid to you," said Rosalind.

"Thank you. And you may expect me this afternoon, when Pier comes."

CHAPTER XII

THE TRANSLATION FINISHED

"Good-morning, Professor."

"Ah, good-morning, gentlemen. Did you get the chapter on disease that I left at the hotel for you?"

"Yes, and it was very kind and considerate of you," said Frederick in reply.

"I was passing that way, and so it did not inconvenience me in the least."

"What about the next chapter? Have you completed it?" asked Frederick in a manner that betrayed his eager interest.

"Yes, I have completed all of the manuscript."

"What! So soon?" Pierpont inquired, in surprise.

"I thought you gentlemen were in a hurry to have it all done; and now that I have it completed, you say, 'What! So soon?'" quizzically replied the professor.

"Excuse me, Professor. I meant to say that I thought there was more of it. In fact, I wish that

there might be several more chapters, for we surely are enjoying them all immensely," said Pierpont.

"There are still two chapters. I have them both completed. They are not quite as long as the others, but I assure you that they are equally as good. And now, my friends, I have a favor to ask. I promised you gentlemen to keep no copy of the translation; but I will forego all monetary considerations if you will allow me to retain either the old manuscript or a copy of it."

"Professor, as far as I am concerned, I am willing that you have a copy and the money also, for you did splendid work for us," said Pierpont, cordially.

"I also am willing that you have a copy," added Frederick, "but I wish to retain the original as proof. Professor, I intend to have the manuscript brought out in book form, and I will send you one of the first copies issued, if that will meet your wishes. Or, on the other hand, you may retain the original until after you have made yourself a copy. Then you can send the manuscript to me at New York."

"If you will send me a copy in book form, that will please me best," replied the professor, cordially.

"Very well. I will do so. Now, if you will tell me how much I owe you, I will give you a check to cover the amount."

The professor named a very nominal sum, and Frederick at once made out the check. Handing it to the professor, Frederick then said: "Here is a check covering the amount, and as I do not know just what our plans for the future are, I think we had better bid you good-bye. If you ever come to New York, we would be pleased to have you look us up. You have our addresses."

"Yes, Professor," said Pierpont, "be sure to look us up. I also wish to thank you for calling my attention to the fact that a study of the manuscript would heal me. I am following your advice, and have been studying other literature, too, along this same line."

"It is just as Mr. Davenport said a few mornings ago, 'Oh, he is all right now! He is getting well in two ways at once.' And your improved appearance shows it," said the professor.

"The professor certainly is a fine character, isn't he?" remarked Pierpont, to Frederick, as they were walking back to the hotel.

"Yes, a thorough gentleman. I wonder what the ladies will say when they hear that the manuscript is finished."

"Let us go up at once, and then we shall find out. I am inclined to think that they will feel much as we did," said Pierpont.

As soon as Frederick had informed the ladies that the translation was finished, Rosalind exclaimed: "Oh, dear! Is there only one more chapter? I was in hopes that there would be several more."

Lady Constance added her word to the same effect, saying: "I, too, am sorry that there is not more, for I thoroughly enjoyed the reading of the various chapters; but really I think we will enjoy a second reading better than the first, and no doubt will learn more from the second reading."

There was a merry twinkle in Mrs. Estermore's eye as she said: "Leave it to Lady Constance to make matters come right."

"Now, mother, you know that all metaphysical works should be read several times!" Rosalind exclaimed.

"That's right," retorted Mrs. Estermore. "And, if a second reading does not make the manuscript as long as you wish it, why, just give it a third reading. I think, however, it is time we made another move in our circuit of travel. Let us leave the second reading of the manuscript until after we get home, when it can be done quietly and properly."

"How about my patient?" interposed Lady Constance, as she glanced at Pierpont.

Pierpont was about to speak, when Mrs. Estermore waved her hand and said: "We shall have to take him with us, I suppose, for it would not do to throw him out into the cruel world, once we have taken him in."

"But where do I figure in this new plan?" asked Frederick.

"Why, you will need to go along to see that your patient gets plenty of fresh air and exercise," Mrs. Estermore answered.

All laughed heartily at this remark, and Frederick then said: "As it now is settled that I am to go along, I think we had better get to reading the manuscript. Rosalind, you jumped to the conclusion that there was only one more chapter. There are really two, but they are shorter than the others."

"That's good. I am glad that there are two. And why not read but one chapter this morning, discuss it, and then read the other this afternoon?" replied Rosalind.

"That may be all right; but why not read the chapter first? Then we can decide whether it would be best to discuss it or go on with the reading," said Lady Constance.

"Very well," said Frederick, and he began to read.

CHAPTER XIII

"'JESUS OF NAZARETH

"'Jesus of Nazareth was the only man of his time who knew the actualities of existence, the truth about Life.

"'What was the mission of Jesus? Was it primarily the healing of the sick? Many people think so. Was it to show the way to heaven? This also is the belief of many.

"'Let us hear from Jesus himself as to his mission. He said: "I came not to destroy, but to fulfill." Well might it be asked, what it was that he did not come to destroy, and what it was that he came to fulfill. It might be answered that he came to fulfill the will of the Father; but, unless we know what this will of the Father is, the answer would be inadequate.

"'Jesus went about the country, healing all manner of sickness and disease, and it would be reasonable to suppose that the people would come to the

conclusion that his mission was primarily the destruction of sickness. This view he repudiated, however.

"'There had been a tradition amongst the Jews that at some time there would come a Savior who would fulfill all the promises and teachings of the Scriptures. Jesus' words, "I came to fulfill," meant, therefore, that he had come to fulfill the scriptural teachings and prove them absolutely true.

"'With this view in mind, Jesus began to prove the statement that all that God made is good; and further, that God had made all that is made (all that is actual). Therefore, all sickness, trouble, and discomfort, not being good, have no actuality, but are merely the result of deception, superstition, erring belief, and false imagination. That this view is correct, was proven by the many healings ascribed to him.

"'His mission, then, was not especially the healing of the sick. On the contrary, it was to prove to men that man is indestructibly pure and perfect, reflecting the nature and substance of the Father; for so the

Father had made him, and so he must remain forever. This is the truth of being, the truth about Life; and this very truth, when acknowledged and understood by mankind, destroys deception. As a result, mankind loses the false sense of matter and the belief in sickness as actual, so that, henceforth, they think of man as spiritual and perfect. Not thinking any more sick thoughts, the body or embodiment of the mentality ceases to show or externalize them.

" 'From the foregoing we can see that the healing of the sick was merely a necessary result of the individual's recognizing the true status of man and the truth about Life or God, and it was this very recognition, knowing of truth, knowing of the real or actual, that set the individual mentality free from its previous misconceptions, miscreations, named sickness and disease.

" 'Jesus knew that Life, or the Father, is perfect and continuous, and also that the Father had made the Son to reflect His own substance, and to reflect His own nature. Hence, the Son would necessarily be perfect and continuous in His perfection, and any-

thing that seems to mar the perfection of Father and Son is not—cannot be—real, but is a myth or negation. This negation of truth, Jesus called "a liar and the father of it"—that is, all that seems not to be perfect and spiritual is the result of false sense, erring, lying thought, and not the result of understanding.

"'It was what Jesus knew, his understanding of Life, of truth or reality, that gave him the power to do the many things accredited to him. This understanding enabled him to see things in their true light, and consequently he was not deceived by mere appearances. He was not deluded into believing that, just because some human beings believed themselves to be sick, and this sick thought had been externalized on their bodies, sickness was actual or that an individual could become sick or imperfect. On the contrary, he knew the actual facts and also that the human mind manifests its mistakes in its body when it believes a lie.

"'Jesus knew also the law that if he could undeceive the individual as to the actuality of sickness or

disease, the individual would be made whole. To accomplish this, he taught the truth, or actuality, about God and man. Those who accepted his explanations underwent a transformation in their thought, and their embodiments showed forth this transformation. We read also that "he did not many mighty works" in his home town, "because of their unbelief"—because they would not accept his teachings as true, but still clung to their previous erring beliefs about life. As a result, there was no transformation in their thought and no change in their bodily conditions, for since the old belief-thoughts were still considered true, they were still being expressed in the body.

"'Another teaching of Jesus was that those who could not at once understand the great truth, that perfection is the all of reality, could yet be helped or healed through faith in, and radical reliance on what he told them. In other words, they were to take for granted that he knew the truth, and accept his statements as true. Through this acceptance of truth by faith, without understanding, the actual workings of

truth transformed their thought from the belief of the actuality and necessity of sickness to a higher plane, where they saw in the distance, as it were, the scriptural teaching that good is the only actuality. The resulting change of thought having manifested itself in the body, they found themselves well; but those so healed did not comprehend the law or science of their healing as did the individuals who actually understood the Master.'"

As Frederick finished the chapter, he looked at Lady Constance and said: "I should like to ask a question or two before I read the last chapter. I note that the writer of this manuscript says that the mission of Jesus was not primarily the healing of the sick, but that he came to prove to mankind that man is so constituted through his spiritual nature that those who have the right understanding cannot be sick; and further, that in fact and in reality, there is no such thing as sickness. This view is entirely new to me, and I wonder if it is right?"

Lady Constance merely said: "It is entirely right, although few, even among the students of the Truth-

cure, have risen to the mental height where they can understand this clearly."

"Would you mind explaining it to us?" asked Frederick.

"I can explain it, and I hope that you will understand what I say. Jesus did not come to heal the so-called sick and diseased mortal bodies of the people. To do this, he would necessarily have had to admit the reality of disease and sickness; and then, disease and sickness seeming real to him, he could not have destroyed them. He did come to heal them mentally—that is, correct their false concepts with truth. Jesus knew that bodily sickness and disease visible to the senses are but the externalized expressions of the hallucinations or illusions of the erring mortal mind. When the removal of the hallucinations could be accomplished by acquainting the mentality with the facts or truth, the manifestation of the illusion in the bodily form must needs disappear also," said Lady Constance.

"I seem to see all this, though very dimly. Was Science and Health written from this viewpoint, that

there are no bodily ills in reality; that, on the contrary, all that is actual is good and true, but that we are deceived, and so do not recognize this great fact; and to become aware or conscious of this fact is to become undeceived, and awake to the truth that we were not sick in actuality, but only sick in belief?" Frederick asked.

"Mrs. Eddy teaches the same truth that Jesus taught," replied Lady Constance, "namely, that the good and true alone are actual, or real, and that God and man are co-existent and eternally perfect; that mortal mind is deceived into believing that disease is real, and experiences the very beliefs or hallucinations that it mentally entertains; and therefore to acquaint the human mind with the truth or actuality of being tends to destroy the belief or deceptive state of erring mortal mind. The belief being at best only belief, hallucination or illusion, it receives its death-blow when the erring human mind becomes aware of the true facts or truth. Many who study Science and Health study it from the wrong viewpoint; that is, they study it with the thought that they actually

have an ailment, and that perhaps somewhere in the book they will find the particular statement of truth that will heal their trouble. In other words, they imagine that the book is a mental medicine bottle, and that, if they can only find the right dose (thought) they can apply this to their particular troubles and find themselves suddenly well. Some have helped themselves in this way, but it was their blind faith and not science (understanding) that did it."

"This accounts, perhaps, for the fact that so many of our learned men have ridiculed Christian Science. They approached it from the mistaken viewpoint that sickness is actual, and that the text-book is a physical cure-all, instead of a mental enlightener," said Pierpont.

"No doubt you are right in your conjecture, but the fact still remains that Mrs. Eddy teaches that there is no such thing as disease. Her writings are all written from the mental position that in reality the good alone is all, just as the Scriptures teach, and that man is indestructibly perfect even

as the Father is perfect. All her writings are written to make clear this great fact to humankind, she knowing, as did Jesus, that to become aware of the truth of being would have the effect of undeceiving us, hence make us whole (mentally right), and that the embodiment would correspond to this higher thought," said Lady Constance.

"Frederick, if you wish to read that last chapter before luncheon, you will need to do so at once," said Mrs. Estermore.

"Yes, I will go right ahead, as there seems to be no end to the questions that are surging up in my mind. The last chapter is very appropriately entitled 'Judgment Day.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

JUDGMENT DAY

"Judgment Day is every day, every hour, every minute. Judgment Day does not come at the end of time. It is here and now, and the judge for each person is his own mentality.

"To the individual consciousness, every day, every hour, every moment, there is presented an ever-changing and ceaseless flow of thoughts, the individual's own and the thoughts of the world at large. Legions of thoughts come to the door of the mentality, and it is the mentality's duty to judge these thoughts, admitting those that are true and rejecting those that are not true. The happiness, health and future unfoldment of the individual are dependent upon the judgment thus rendered.

"That the individual may render correct judgment it is given a principle to judge by, and that is that only the good is true and only the true is good. Therefore, that which is neither good nor

true is to be rejected as having any place in life or reality.

"The human mentality in its unfoldment from the infant to the mature state meets with much that is fable and much that is fact, and its own happiness depends upon its right estimates of that which is presented.

"To illustrate, let us suppose an individual contentedly sitting in the sunlight on a summer afternoon enjoying the warm rays of the sun. A moment later comes another individual and says: 'Are you not afraid to sit in the hot sun? Don't you know that you are liable to sunstroke?' Right there is the Judgment Day. If the individual renders righteous judgment, he will answer: 'I am not subject to sunstroke. I in reality am perfect even as my Father in heaven is perfect, and nothing can in any manner harm me.' The result of such judgment is that the individual is not subject to the human belief of sunstroke, not having received this error as truth. If the judgment is made unrighteously, it will be something after this manner: 'You are

right, my friend, and I thank you for warning me of my danger. It was very foolish of me to be so thoughtless.' In other words, the verdict is: 'Yes, I admit that the sun has power to create the condition called sunstroke, and I admit that there is another power than God, good.' At a later day this individual, thoughtlessly or otherwise, again sits in the sun, and having previously admitted that the sun had power to produce sunstroke, he experiences the result of his own erring judgment, and thinks sunstroke to be real and his body then evidences this false judgment. Then the individual says: 'I was right, the sun has power;' when the fact is he is only experiencing the result of his erring judgment, rather than the result of the sun's rays. So it is with all the falsehoods that are presented to the human mind.

"To be happy, healthy and prosperous, the individual must render righteous judgment, and this he does by rendering his judgment not after appearances, but after and in accord with the principle, that *all that is good is true and all that is true is*

good. Therefore, anything, no matter how real it seems, that does not measure up to this principle, should straightway be adjudged fictitious, fabulous, and cast to one side as naught.

"If a thought of sickness is presented to the human mind, the judgment should be after this fashion: 'Is sickness good? No. Then it is not true or real, and so I judge it.' If a thought of anger comes, the judgment is: 'Is anger good or inspired by God, good? No. Then anger is naught. I cannot be angry in reality.' If lying gossip comes and tells me that my neighbor or brother has spoken ill of me, the judgment is: 'Is lying gossip true or good? No. Then it is naught and consequently has no power to change my good thought about my neighbor or brother.' And so on at all times, never admitting into the consciousness anything that is not true, not good, or not harmonious. By always admitting all that is good and true and harmonious the individual mentality is kept in constant goodness, truthfulness and harmony, and the daily ex-

perience of a harmonious and truthful mentality is endless bliss, or heaven everywhere.

"If this book reaches those who in times past have rendered judgment after the flesh (after appearances) instead of after the Spirit, they need not worry about that which has gone before, but they can today start to judge all things after the Principle of life, and soon they will have wiped from their mentalities all results of past wrong judgment, finding themselves unspotted and perfect. Such is the law of harmony, and only by applying this law of right judgment to the daily and hourly thoughts and experiences of this life can harmony and bliss be found. Merely believing in the law will not render the judgment. You must yourself judge, and be sure your judgment is according to righteousness, the law of rightness, the law of truth and good, the law of fact, and you will no more be ill. "Leonidas."

"Well, it is finished, and even in the finish there is a surprise. I thought the Judgment Day was afar off, and that the last chapter, because of its

title, would deal with the hereafter," said Frederick.

"It's the most logical Judgment Day I ever heard preached, and I believe the writer is correct in his statement," added Pierpont.

"Maybe I won't be more careful as to how I render judgment in the future. I certainly will deliver swift judgment to that old storm and rheumatic thought that has been pestering me for the last ten years," said Mrs. Estermore.

"According to the manuscript," said Frederick, "we are the judge, for the writer says: 'You must yourself judge.' How does this accord with what Mrs. Eddy says on the subject?"

"Oh, that is exactly what Mrs. Eddy teaches. For instance, on page 83, of Miscellaneous Writings, Mrs. Eddy says: 'No person can accept another's belief except with the consent of his own belief. If the error which knocks at the door of your own thought originated in another's mind, you are a free moral agent to reject or accept this error. Hence, you are the arbiter of your own fate.'

Nothing could be said more clearly than this as regards ourselves being the judge. In fact, you are judge and attorney in your own case, as is shown on page 10 of 'Christian Healing,' by Mrs. Eddy. It reads as follows: 'If *you* wish to be happy, argue with *yourself* on the side of happiness; take the side *you* wish to carry, and be careful not to talk on both sides, or to argue stronger for sorrow than for joy. *You* are the attorney for the case, and will win or lose, according to *your* plea.' There are many statements in her writings that have a similar meaning."

"It is quite remarkable to me that the old manuscript is in such accord with Mrs. Eddy's teachings," said Frederick.

"There is one thing that seems to have escaped the thought of all of you, and that is this: Are the manuscript and Mrs. Eddy's works in accord with the Scriptures regarding this momentous question of judgment?" Lady Constance asked.

*Note.—The italics were added to bring out the true sense.—The Author.

"That escaped my thought entirely!" exclaimed Rosalind. "Of course I long ago satisfied myself that Mrs. Eddy's writings are in full accord with the Scriptural teachings as far as I was able to judge, and I suppose no question arose in my mind as to the manuscript, because of the similarity to Mrs. Eddy's writings."

"In times past I have often read the Scriptures, especially the New Testament, but I do not recall ever reading that we are the judge of our own health and happiness," said Pierpont.

"Nevertheless, it is so stated in the New Testament, when it is read understandingly, and if you wish it I will point it out to you," said Lady Constance.

"I am sure we would all be delighted to have you do so," said Frederick.

"Very well. Please hand me that Bible, and I will try to make it all plain to you. The first and second verses of the third chapter of First John reads as follows: *'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should*

be called the sons of God; therefore, the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not. Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.' In these two verses John emphatically and positively declares that we are called the sons of God, and further that we now are the sons of God. I think there is no mistaking his words," said Lady Constance.

"I think the entire Christian world is in accord as to our being the sons of God," said Frederick.

"That is no doubt true," said Lady Constance, "but my conception of this sonship is vastly different from your conception. For instance, your conception is that the erring human being is this son, while my conception elevates my sense of sonship to a position like that occupied by Jesus, who claimed to be the Son of God."

"Wonderful, and truly a vast difference in our conceptions of the sonship," said Frederick.

"But, we are losing sight of the main thought,

which is in regard to our being the judge of our own fate. I merely cited these two verses to prove that John considered us the Sons of God. Now that we have this idea established in our minds, I will read you the twenty-first and twenty-second verses of the fifth chapter of St. John's gospel: *'For as the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son.'* "

"As Lady Constance finished reading she laid the Bible on the table amidst absolute silence. At length Pierpont spoke: "I heard your words, Lady Constance, but their significance is so great that my thought is hushed with awe. I must have time to think it all over before I can make an intelligent statement about this latest light that you have given us."

"One thing is clear to me, and that is that Lady Constance has established without any reasonable doubt that the Bible teaches that we are the judge of our own fate; also that the writer of the manu-

script saw this truth, and that Mrs. Eddy positively knew it and brought it out in her writings."

"Yes, there is no doubt at all that Mrs. Eddy saw the grand possibilities open to men as they become spiritual, and some day the whole world will realize that we had a spiritual seer and true prophetess right in our midst, but the world knew her not (understood her not), even as they knew (understood) him not."

CHAPTER XV

CONCLUSION

The end of four months of travel and sight-seeing, with many instructive talks on Christian Science in the interim, found our friends in England, at the home of Lady Constance, a palatial country residence located ideally at the edge of a beautiful lake. But, why try to describe with words a place that has to be seen for any adequate idea of its grandeur and natural beauty to be obtained? Such was the ancestral home of Lady Constance.

Five years previous to the opening of our story, a severe malady, in three days, had carried away her father, and the shock of his sudden death so affected the gentle and loving wife and mother that one week later she was laid beside him.

Lady Constance, not yet grown to womanhood, took her losses so terribly to heart that for a long time her mind and life were despaired of. One attack of illness followed another, all caused by her ex-

cessive grief and heart-ache. One day a distant relative paid her a visit and made this remark: "Lady Constance, why do you grieve so? Your parents are not dead, for that which we have mistakenly called death has no reality. Your parents have merely been transformed or translated to another sphere, where you will also go when you have been transformed, and though you have a sense of separation there is really no separation in mind. You can think of them any moment of the day, and some day you will again be in their very presence, so this grief is unnecessary and senseless."

Lady Constance looked with surprise at the speaker of these words and at length asked: "How do you know that what you say is the truth?"

The distant relative reached into her hand-bag and pulled forth a little, black, leather-bound book, and said: "You can prove for yourself by careful study of this book all that I have said and also very much more. I will help you do it, if you wish."

Lady Constance took the proffered book and tear-

fully replied: "I must get relief from some one or from God, or I shall die."

Two months later the roses were again appearing in the cheeks of Lady Constance. After two years of diligent study she had class instruction in Christian Science, for the distant relative was a Christian Science practitioner, and the little black book was a copy of Science and Health.

Such was the story that Lady Constance on this bright summer afternoon was telling to Pierpont Whitney, as they were sitting alone in the shade of one of the many beautiful trees that abounded on the edge of the lake. At the conclusion of her talk Pierpont said: "Lady Constance, Christian Science is truly the greatest discovery of this age, and some day the sleeping world will so recognize it. Here I am, fully restored to health and happiness in a few short months, through its teachings and your help."

"Though, as Mrs. Eddy states, it was only a rediscovery of the Christ-method of healing, yet it was the most needed and most beneficial of all dis-

coveries in this age. How do you get along with your thought of always rendering righteous judgment?" smilingly asked Lady Constance.

"Oh, famously, even better than you, I believe."

"Why do you say that, Pierpont?"

"I asked you more than two weeks ago to render judgment regarding a question that is very near to my heart, but somehow it seems to me that you have forgotten that the manuscript said that Judgment Day was every day, every minute. On the contrary, you seem now to think that Judgment Day is at the farther end of time."

"Pierpont, I have not been idle in this matter. I have had much to judge, but I am ready to render judgment today, this minute, and the judgment is *yes.*"

A moment later the form of Mrs. Estermore could have been seen coming down the broad gravelled path leading to the edge of the lake, but espying Lady Constance and Pierpont in earnest conversation, she turned up a by-path and a few moments later was comfortably lying in a swinging

hammock inside the large shady arbor. She had almost fallen asleep when she heard the voices of Rosalind and Frederick, and the latter was asking: "Shall we go into the arbor or take this shady seat on the outside?"

"I think it will be more pleasant on the outside," said Rosalind.

They were scarcely seated before Mrs. Estermore heard Frederick say: "Rosalind, one day, more than four months ago, Pierpont said something like this to me: 'Fred, don't you think Lady Constance is the grandest woman you have ever met?' I answered him: 'No, I do not. Rosalind Estermore is my ideal.' Pierpont grasped my hand and said: 'Fred, old chum, here is hoping that you win.' Rosalind, I have come today to ask you, 'Have I won?' "

"Frederick, it would be useless for me to dissemble and appear surprised. I believe in being honest in all things, and so I answer: 'You have won?' "

Mrs. Estermore was now wide awake. She had

not intended to play eavesdropper, but now thought best not to make her presence known. A moment later, to her relief, she heard Rosalind say: "Frederick, let us find mother and Lady Constance and tell them."

"I am more than willing," said Frederick. As soon as they were out of sight Mrs. Estermore quietly slipped out of the arbor and into a by-path, and a little later she saw Rosalind and Frederick meet Lady Constance and Pierpont. So, she turned in their direction.

As soon as Mrs. Estermore appeared Rosalind said: "Mother, and Lady Constance, I want you both to know that just a few minutes ago Frederick made me extremely happy by asking me whether he had won. I answered yes, and truly I am so happy."

"But, not any happier than I am, as it has not been five minutes since Pierpont asked me to render judgment. I also said yes," replied Lady Constance.

Mrs. Estermore threw up her hands as though

in terrible distress and said: "Oh dear! Oh dear! I wonder what will become of poor me." Then quietly lowering her hands, she said: " 'The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my Soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' God bless you, my children, for truly the good alone is all, and all is well that ends well."

The End.

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